N BULL, AUGUST 17, 1929
WOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1209.
Vol. XLVI.

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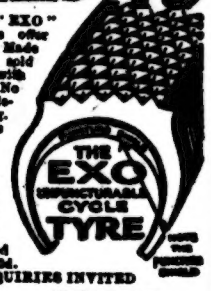

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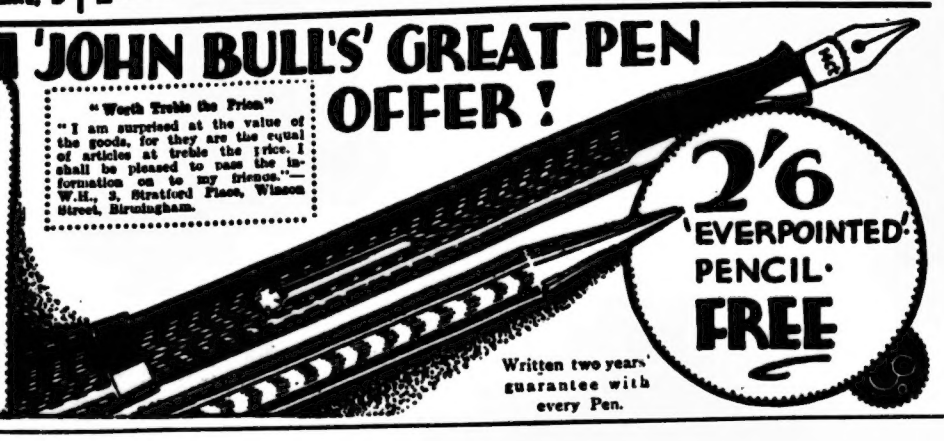

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with 68 pages of laughs taken from the "John Bull Summer Annual"—an open door to the work of the best artists and authors—full of jokes which will raise the roof. Don't be floored with the reply, "Sold out"—get a copy from your newsagent to-day.

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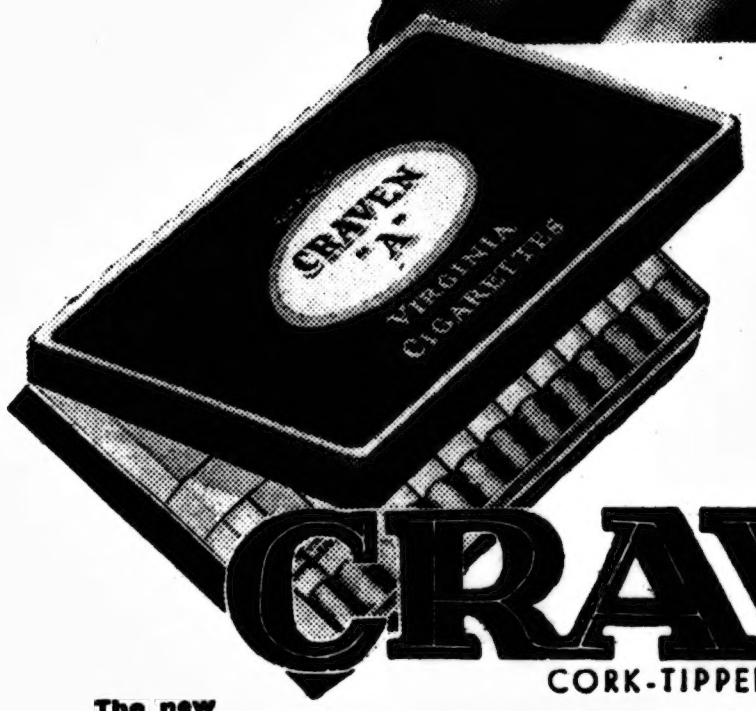

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

The Cost of Culture—Levers Changing Hands?

THE cost of raising the school-leaving age to fifteen has been thrashed out between the Cabinet and the Board of Education experts.

When Parliament meets Sir Charles Trevelyan will announce the Board of Education's proposals.

* * *

These will include a maintenance allowance, paid to necessitous parents, during the extra year of their child's schooling.

Its amount will be in the neighbourhood of £10 a year. It is estimated that 125,000 children will require its help.

This is £1,250,000 as a first cost of raising the leaving age.

* * *

In addition, of course, teachers, classrooms, furniture, books and inspectors must all be provided for the 400,000 odd extra scholars which this change will bring to State-supported schools.

A costly business—but how well worth its millions of money!

Keeping it dark

The Schneider Cup contest at Spithead will bring all the world to Britain; but the present course of the race, fixed by the Royal Aero Club, will keep the machines as far beyond the public view as possible.

Is there any reason why the main part of the course should not run along the Hampshire shore, where hundreds of thousands of people can concentrate in comfort? The chief vantage point as things are appears to be the Isle of Wight, and accommodation there will be hopelessly inadequate.

It is not too late to alter the course and shape it on the same lines as the Lido contest, where the public saw almost all the race.

Incorrigible

Lord Brentford is still the same old "Jix," and his outburst against the proposed Treaty with Egypt has caused trouble among the Conservative leaders who take the view that the Treaty may be regarded as the logical development of earlier attempts at reconciliation in Egypt.

Lord Brentford's attitude, adopted without so much as a word of consultation with Mr. Baldwin, is an instance of the extraordinary lack of team-work among the Conservative Front Benchers—and it won't be the last.

It will require all Mr. Baldwin's tact to prevent Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery from having a public scrap during the autumn.

Men in chains

We are glad that the Prison Commissioners are considering an alteration of the present system at many prisons of sending batches of prisoners by rail to neighbouring towns for trial. These unfortunate people, still unconvicted—and therefore innocent in the eyes of the law—are handcuffed and chained together. When they arrive at the railway station a curious crowd always gathers to watch their transfer to motor vans.

It is now proposed that wherever possible prisoners should be conveyed the whole journey by road on these occasions.

Boot War is Brewing

Food Council Farce

Complaints have also been made recently of the practice of sending gangs of convicts, also chained together, by the ordinary passenger steamers from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth.

To march these men down to the landing-stage in full view of the holiday crowds is a cruel exhibition which should be stopped.

A quandary

In rearranging work so as to prevent discharges of employees from the Royal Dockyards, the Admiralty is setting its face against the policy of transferring work from the contractors' dockyards to those of the State.

That would be an easy way of satisfying Portsmouth and Chatham and Devonport; but it would only be passing on the problem to the Tyne and the Clyde, where the contractors in turn would have to dismiss an equivalent number of men to those retained in the Admiralty yards.

In their discussions with the men's representatives, the Admiralty are concentrating on endeavouring to bring to the dockyards new work for machinery and steelwork required by the schemes of colonial development.

Levers

Negotiations are now taking place for the sale of Lever Brothers, and in the near future the assets of this great concern are likely to pass into the hands of an international syndicate, which already has a controlling interest in the company's shares.

The present Lord Leverhulme, head of Lever Brothers

The late Lord Leverhulme, whose memorial in the form of a fine bronze piece representing Charity, Education, Industry and Art has just been completed by Mr. Reid Dick, R.A., effected many changes in the last years of his life which time has not justified.

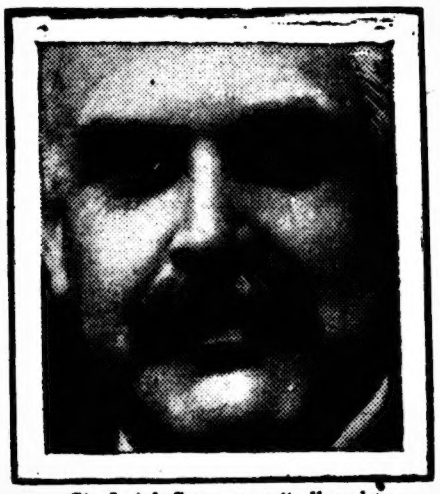
These "developments," as he termed them, caused heavy losses which are not even yet remedied in spite of considerable retrenchments.

Under the proposed arrangements there would be an opportunity for wider expansion and, incidentally, there would also be a chance for employing more labour at Port Sunlight.

Not wanted

The Treasury gave a snub to the British representatives on the Committee of Experts on Reparations by not inviting them to attend The Hague Conference.

The experts of the other principal countries concerned went to The Hague, but our experts, Sir Josiah Stamp and Sir Charles Addis, were allowed to remain at home.



Sir Josiah Stamp was "allowed to remain at home"

The British experts are felt to have let Great Britain down by signing a Report which involved further sacrifices by their own country.

It is only fair to say that this Treasury view is not shared by everybody.

Hairbreadth Crusaders

The results of the Twickenham by-election hardly warranted the riotous jubilation of the *Daily Express*, which claimed Sir John Ferguson's success as a victory for its Empire Crusade campaign.

If Empire crusading *was* the main issue on which the electors voted, it reduced the majority by 5,000.

Cheaper shoes

American shoe manufacturers are now preparing to dump their goods at cut rates on the British market.

One big American firm is already making arrangements to open a chain of stores throughout England. In these, surplus production which cannot be sold in America will be sold at around cost price.

It pays America to do this and keep her works at full output. The British firms will have to retaliate, so that you may expect a price-cutting war and cheaper shoes for a time.

"Give us this day . . ."

The Food Council has just discovered that the "official" price of flour, published by the London Flour Millers' Association, is frequently higher than the actual price paid by the bakers.

As this official price governs the charge made for bread, the bakers have been using it to hoodwink the Food Council and exploit the public.

When the Food Council was appointed, care was taken to refuse it power to take action against the profiteers.

It was because of this that Mr. F. H. Coller, who, as Secretary of the war-time Ministry of Food, knew all about food control and profiteering, resigned his position as Chairman of the Council.

The public expects to see this farce brought to an end.

First call

Mr. J. H. Thomas has rightly insisted on maintaining the condition that a large percentage of ex-Service men must be employed on any works scheme for the relief of unemployment which receives financial assistance from the Government.

He has, however, given the Unemployment Grants Committee power to reduce this proportion of ex-Service labour "in approved cases."

Many local authorities would like the condition abolished. The memories of 1914-18 are fading.

New tricks

A disturbing new development in the methods of certain share pushers is now taking place.

Recently an attractive offer was made for the purchase of an old-established financial paper with an excellent reputation. The offer came through a reputable firm of solicitors and seemed to be everything that could be desired.

Only the fact that the present proprietors are exceedingly jealous of the good name of the paper made them institute careful enquiries to discover the men behind the offer.

They then discovered that it came from a big market operator, whose undoubted object was to push shares in which he was interested under cover of the journal's good name. We are glad to say his offer was refused.

Faster mails

Big business firms in the North are now urging that the Postmaster-General should employ air mails in speeding up deliveries of letters.

They are asking that airplanes should be used to collect important mails from abroad and carry them to Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow.

Such a development would assist in fulfilling contracts, and manufacturers would pay for the service.

We suggest that Mr. Lees-Smith, the Postmaster-General, and Lord Thomson, the Air Minister, lay their heads together.

Whiteholidays

We welcome the decision of the Labour Government not to reduce the Civil Service bonus in September as a measure of justice to the vast number of public servants whose wages average no more than £3 a week.

It is high time that Civil Service salaries were stabilised in accordance with present-day conditions; and it would help to bring this about if, in return, civil servants voluntarily offered to accept some reduction in their annual holiday.

Many junior officials receive six weeks' annual leave from the time they join the Civil Service; and a readiness to reduce this excessive allowance would be regarded as evidence of an admirable spirit of give and take.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Milk in boxes

We have long urged the vital importance of clean milk, and it is good to see that the Ministry of Health's Report for the year devotes space to it.

But the report says that in the milk trade, where the container may cost as much as its contents, it is not possible to follow the practice of some food manufacturers who use new bottles on every occasion.

The Ministry of Health ought to know that at least one big English dairy firm is already using sterilised cardboard containers, which are hermetically sealed, and destroyed after use.

If one firm, why not all?

Traffic police

The experiment of employing Royal Automobile Club scouts to regulate the traffic in Portsmouth should be followed with interest by all Chief Constables.

The men, twelve in number, supplied by the R.A.C., are all ex-Servicemen, and the Portsmouth Council is paying at the rate of £150 a year each for their services.

We have no doubt that at the end of the six months during which the experiment is to continue, it will be found that these "traffic cops" are every bit as efficient at the job as policemen, and a large number of the latter will be able to devote themselves to their proper duty of protecting the public.

Our back, please

The *Daily Mail*, which mentioned the question of bogus charities very late in the day, is patting itself heartily on the back for having moved the Home Secretary to introduce the Collecting Charities Bill.

In a similar mood it publishes letters from readers congratulating it on tackling the overloading of ships question.

As both these questions have been pilloried for years past by JOHN BULL it seems as if the *Daily Mail* were patting the wrong back.

Asking for it

There are ugly stories of victimisation coming from the Nottinghamshire coalfield; and the temper of the miners in that area is being thoroughly roused.

Mr. George Spencer, "prominently associated"

A great many of the coal owners display a suspicious zeal for the Nottinghamshire Miners' Industrial Union, with which Mr. George Spencer is prominently associated.

Because of their love for the Spencer Union, these owners are putting pressure on their workmen to leave the Notts Miners' Association—which is affiliated to the Miners' Federation—and become "non-political" trade unionists.

Men who have refused to join the Spencer Union have been dismissed, or have been coerced into joining under the threat of dismissal.

This sort of thing will quickly lead to trouble—for the miners still have fight left in them.

Sink it

Recently the authorities endeavoured to ban a film dealing with the heroic part Nurse Cavell played in the war, lest it should impair our relations with Germany.

Why, then, is no action taken against a German book, expressing most vindictive anti-British sentiments, which is now being widely sold in this country?

It is the *Phantom Ship*, by Captain Karl Spindler, of the German Navy.

To all those to whom the war is still a vivid memory, Captain Spindler's outpourings are nothing more than the vituperations of a defeated braggart and a liar. But the wide sale of such a book unquestionably tends to poison the wells of international good feeling.

Two memorials

We congratulate the National Seamen's Union on deciding to erect, out of union funds, a memorial to Samuel Plimsoll, who, by forcing Parliament to introduce the Plimsoll line, was responsible for saving the lives of thousands of our seamen during the past fifty years.

The memorial, which is on the Thames Embankment, does honour to a noble man and to the seamen who have not forgotten him.

But a still better memorial will be constant vigilance by shippers and seamen alike against present-day overloading at foreign ports.

The cabman's escutcheon

The Birmingham Watch Committee, which subjects taxi-drivers to a second trial when they have been discharged by the Public Courts, is treading on dangerous ground in taking away a driver's badge—and livelihood—without hearing evidence on his behalf.

An instance of this glaring injustice is the treatment meted out to Charles Leyland, whose badge was taken away for not reporting an accident in which he was not in any way involved, and which he did not see. The Watch Committee refused to believe him. He was not allowed to be represented by a solicitor.

Many of the Committee's decisions are made without even hearing the person accused.

It is not generally known that a spotless moral character and a clean sheet covering his whole life is required of a man who desires to be a licensed taxi-driver.

Should he have been convicted in youth for kicking a football in a street he has a better chance of becoming an archbishop than a taxi-man in "Brum."

Worth a visit

Flats for 3s. 9d. a week (rates included) are being provided for working-class families in Vienna.

The municipality has been building houses at the rate of 6,000 a year for the past three years, and by the end of 1930, 55,000 families will have been accommodated in publicly owned dwellings.

Each housing centre has its own communal baths and swimming pond; laundry, ironing and mangling establishment; and covered and uncovered playgrounds for children.

Our municipal and county housing committees might do worse than send a representative to find out how this is done.

All over ten pounds

We hope the Minister for Home Affairs of Northern Ireland, the Rt. Hon. Sir Dawson Bates, will grant the petition of Mrs. Armour, of Doagh, County Antrim, for the release of her husband from Crumlin Road Jail, Belfast, where he has been confined since June 22 for being unable to pay a fine of £10.

Armour's offence was that he refused to leave his home near Templepatrick, although the Antrim Rural District Council issued an ejectment order on the medical officer's authority.

As there was no other house available in the district, Armour, who has three children, would not obey the order. Hence the fine, which he is quite unable to pay.

No Samaritans there

The extraordinary callousness of certain cottagers on the outskirts of Saxmundham, Suffolk, was described at an inquest at Ipswich on the deaths of a young man and woman who were fatally injured in a motor accident.

A police constable found them lying helpless and bleeding. "I went up to a man in a cottage near by," he said, "and asked if I could take the young lady inside."

The reply was, "I am full up."

There are five cottages near the spot, but the constable was obliged to carry the girl some distance before he found a house in which to put her.

On returning for the unfortunate young man, he appealed again to the cottagers for help: "If you are human," he said, "will you bring me a blanket?"

Eventually one of the lookers-on had the decency to do this.

By whom evil cometh

That it is possible to induce an underpaid employee to commit a crime, provided he is tempted with sufficient ingenuity, has again been satisfactorily proved by the Post Office authorities at Greenock.

James Hammond, the unfortunate employee in question, was tempted with a test letter containing money and stamps addressed to a fictitious lady in Kerr Street, Glasgow. He took the letter to a person of similar name in Kerr Street, Barrhead, who opened it and returned it to Hammond.

Hammond fell to the temptation; he was short of cash and his kiddies were in need of boots. His weekly wage was 28s. 5d.

A.B.C. finance

The full report on the Aerated Bread Company, Ltd., prepared by Sir Harry Peat has not been published; but the summary issued to the shareholders, with its story of unwise amalgamations and faults in management is a sufficient warning against the dangers of happy-go-lucky experiments in high finance.

"A man of resolute courage"

The late Sir Charles Cottier appears to have thought the mere buying up of businesses was a royal road to financial success.

But in the end the profits earned on a capital of £1,750,000 were less than the profits earned on an issued capital of less than £200,000.

It is understood that the unpublished portions of Sir Harry Peat's report are particularly drastic in their recommendations. The one consolation left to the shareholders is that the new chairman, Sir Hamar Greenwood, is a man of resolute courage, who will not shrink from any action required to put the company on a sound footing.

Poison for him

At an inquest on William Dobson, a pit lad of fifteen, who died on arriving home from the Durham Miners' Gala, it was stated that death was due to heart failure, asphyxiation and acute intoxication.

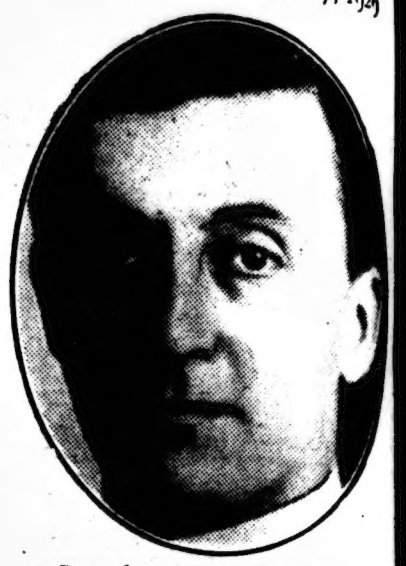
It is a crime that intoxicating drinks should be served to irresponsible boys of that age.

We hope the Chief Constable of Durham will make searching enquiries into the affair.

So this is Pleck!

Charged with indecently assaulting a girl aged six years, George Harold Butler, aged 21, of Pleck, near Walsall, was placed on probation for twelve months.

We had almost forgotten Pleck; and we hope next time it is in the news it will be sending its black sheep to a more effectual bench.



"Steam-hammer to crack a nut"—he said

Agreed

Congratulations to Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, Recorder at Liverpool Quarter Sessions, for reducing the sentence of two months' imprisonment in the second division imposed on Anderson Thom, a former police constable of Liverpool, who "stole" four oranges valued at threepence, and whose case we mentioned.

By binding Thom over under the First Offenders' Act, the ends of Justice are adequately met.

"Taking everything into consideration," Mr. Hemmerde said, "one cannot help thinking there is something in this case which suggests using a steam-hammer to crack a nut."

A present for "Berta"

"Berta Lawrence," the sixty-year-old ex-'Varsity man whose love-letter swindle was the subject of exclusive revelations in JOHN BULL a few weeks ago, has now been brought to book.

It was stated at the London Sessions that his real name is James Redford Kenyon, and that he had wasted by reckless living a large fortune inherited from his father.

He was at his postal correspondence game again, and had obtained £113 from a Mr. Coote by posing as a beautiful heiress. Fifteen months' hard labour was the sentence.

Come off, Steve!

A "unique offer" is made by Steve Morgan, of Aldersgate Street, E.C.1, in a circular addressed to friends of the Turf.

He proposes to buy "one of the best handicap horses in the country" and to enter him for small races, which would be at his mercy.

Steve wants to buy the horse with "your" money and is also willing to let you do all the backing.

Kind to the cruel

The Barnsley magistrates are acquiring a reputation for imposing inadequate penalties in cases of cruelty.

One, James Taylor, of Darfield, shot a dog which had apparently worried his fowls. It is certainly annoying for any man to have his poultry destroyed in this way, but Taylor did not do the job properly. He shot out the poor animal's left eye and blew away part of its shoulder. The dog was in terrible agony before being destroyed.

We cannot accept Taylor's excuse that his foot slipped any more than we can accept the ridiculous penalty of a £1 fine imposed by the magistrates.

No sheep to feed

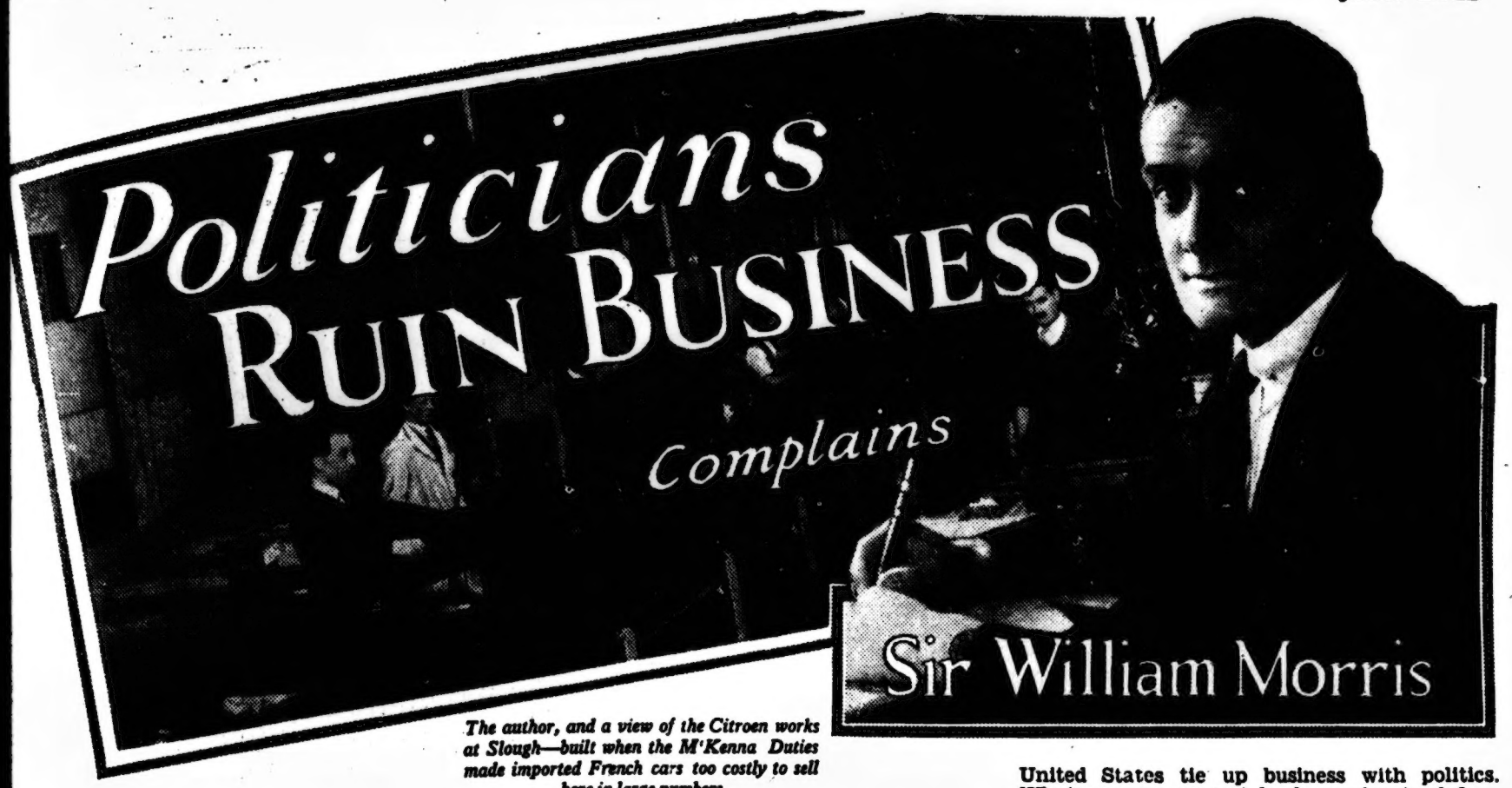
"Pastor" Albert James Matthews, of Aberdeen, has been at his old tricks again.

He has just been convicted at Forfar Sheriff Court for fraudulently collecting money for "Free Breakfasts for Dundee Children," the "Poor Children's Breakfast Fund in Dundee," and other "charities."

We have fully exposed this bogus pastor, and considering that he has been engaged upon a career of fraud for so long, the £5 fine he was fined appears none too harsh.

Politicians Ruin Business

Sir William Morris Complains



The author, and a view of the Citroen works at Slough—built when the M'Kenna Duties made imported French cars too costly to sell here in large numbers

THE average business man has no use for politics. He would prefer to keep out of them altogether. They do not concern him and, generally speaking, the qualities which make the successful politician are not those that lead to success in business.

Pledges taken in business must always be kept. As an observer, it seems to me that pledges taken in politics are frequently broken.

And yet to my mind business and politics should be closely interwoven. What else but business should the direction of the nation's affairs be?

Broadly, the whole Empire is one big commercial undertaking.

Those who are elected to sit at Westminster can be likened to the directors. The chairman or governing director is the Prime Minister.

Can those who direct our affairs seriously maintain that they look at the problems that face them in the broad-minded, flexible attitude which a man trained to commerce would adopt?

I cannot believe that they do.

The leaders of the Labour Party are handicapped in their position because, as politicians, they are half pledged to take certain steps which even an untrained business man must realise will harm the nation.

Consider, for instance, this matter of Safeguarding and the M'Kenna Duties.

The Labour Party to-day is a Free Trade party. It bases its appeal to popular attraction on the Cobden theories, propounded nearly a century ago.

Cobden died in 1865. To-day his political views are obsolete for this country. His theory was practicable only in an era of British industrial supremacy which invited Free Trade. Conditions to-day have entirely altered. We are no longer the premier manufacturing country in the world. Therefore, Free Trade is impracticable.

More unemployed

BUT our present Cabinet is dallying between their preconceived shibboleths and the knowledge that if Safeguarding and the M'Kenna Duties are abolished, unemployment in this country will immediately increase by hundreds of thousands.

What justification can there be for a Party which on the one hand pays a Minister a salary of five thousand pounds a year to put into effect the excellent words "We will create employment"; and which, on the other hand, takes action that creates unemployment immediately and definitely for a large section of the community?

Politicians cling to their theories and the country's business suffers in consequence.

In my own trade we have been bullied from pillar to post. First of all we operated with protective duties on our goods. Afterwards we had those duties removed for a short period. Then they were replaced and we made progress—not easy progress, for the motor trade to-day is a difficult business.

Only the other day I was counting up the number of firms that were important factors in the industry ten years ago and which are to-day non-existent. There are over fifty such businesses. That has happened with a Safeguarding tariff on for most of the time. What would have happened had there been no M'Kenna Duties to stem the tide of foreign invasion?

The motor manufacturing trade of this country employs, on the manufacturing side alone, over a quarter of a million men and women.

The competition it faces comes mainly from America, the land in which you can buy up-to-date saloon cars weight for weight more cheaply than you can buy raw butcher's meat.

What rules prices

THE price of any article manufactured by modern methods—and Britain is not behindhand in the application of the most up-to-date machinery when conditions warrant—depends on the quantity of those articles produced. Repetition, mass production, flow organisation, call it what you will, brings down prices enormously.

The plant for such mass production is expensive, but its cost spread over a large number of units is justified and represented by only a very small cost for each unit.

But before a manufacturer can spend the vast sums necessary to "tool up" for modern quantity production he must have a reasonable chance of selling what he produces.

In other words, the size of the potential market, as assessed from past experience, decides the ultimate production and selling price of any machine-manufactured goods. And America has a potential and real home market for cars roughly twenty times as large as that available for the absorption of the products of the British car-making trade.

Observe, too, that this vast business of car-making in the United States has been built up under the protection of very high import duties.

The position has been so consolidated under Protection that the motor industry of America, secure in its home market, now suggests that the duties on cars imported into America be removed, as a gesture for the reciprocal removal of duties into other countries—thus to enable American cars still further to capture world trade.

Americans are back to Cobdenism, with the conditions right for the application of its principles. It is in this manner that the United States tie up business with politics. What are *our* present leaders going to do?

Blindness as to the employment value of the motor trade of this country cannot be tolerated.

What has been the effect of the M'Kenna Duties? Firstly, they have given the people of this country cheaper cars—which is the same as saying cheaper personal transportation and the resulting increase in individual active progress and outlook.

Foreign building here

THEY have given employment to tens of thousands by enabling those same engineers who developed the aeroplanes, tanks, cars and mines that won the war for us, to hold their own against competition from the physically more favourably placed foreigner. They have caused the foreigner to build factories here and employ British labour.

Nor can we ignore our Empire trade. Under the M'Kenna Duties our export trade in cars, hampered as we are overseas with the horse-power tax that forces us to build light cars, has improved steadily.

Shall all this business—which means employment at home—be lost for the sake of blind adherence to a vague political principle?

To-day we do not know whether we are to continue under a policy of Safeguarding, or whether we are to have the walls behind which we work torn down.

The delay is almost as bad as a definite announcement that the M'Kenna Duties are to be removed. That is where politics differ from business.

In commerce a man who leaves a section of his organisation without a definite policy soon finds himself in Queer Street. They appear to ignore such things in politics.

I am told that it is difficult to draw a dividing line between business and politics and to say exactly where business ends and politics begins. That is, I think, as it should be.

Politics should be the highest expression of commerce. It is lamentable that there is so great a differentiation between them. Perhaps it is human that this state of affairs should exist. We find that a man who makes a good politician is usually trained to oratory. While the ability to make forcible speeches is by no means to be despised in ordinary business, it is the man of action more often than the man of words who finally gets there.

I believe that the Labour Party to-day is trying to do its best. I believe it is now very far removed from Bolshevism and the original Socialism.

But what, I ask, is it going to do? Will it adopt a wise course of looking at this question of Safeguarding and M'Kenna Duties from a businesslike standpoint? Or will it blindly follow a vague and old-fashioned principle, and so hurl thousands of workmen into unemployment and worse?

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

JURIES *Can't* RESIST HIM!

Unshakable Mount Snowden—"A Drove of Pigs"? Westminster's Vandal Dean

Sir BERNARD SPILSBURY,
Marlbor.ugh Hill, St. John's Wood

DEAR OLYMPIAN (or should I address you as "Mightiness"?),—Lately you have given various exhibitions of how an expert witness, of undoubted erudition and armed with an impressive manner, can lay down the law to twelve jurymen on every subject under the sun.

Let me advise you to confine yourself to your own work. When counsel ask you questions on subjects which are outside your ken, as, for instance, the question which you answefed in a motor-car manslaughter case the other day, preserve that dignified silence you can assume so well.

Perhaps, being modest, you do not realise how juries look up to you, and regard each word you utter as necessarily more valuable than the testimony of other folk.

As a pathological expert you have no peer. Content yourself with this game, and don't give the impression that you are a human encyclopædia and super-sleuth rolled in one.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN,
The Hague, Holland

DEAR SNOWDEN,—Italy calls you "Shylock"; the French Press abuses you as a "Shipwrecker"; other foreign papers predict your speedy downfall.

And all because you called Europe's bluff, and firmly insisted that the British taxpayer be no longer defrauded, while our ex-Allies "waxed fat and kicked."

I suspect you sardonically enjoy all this unpopularity. I would merely say "Thank you" for guarding my pockets so admirably. JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. J. SHINNIE, ***Medical Officer for the City of Westminster***

DEAR SIR,—Your "medical" report on Housing is full of high-falutin' statements about the great future of Westminster, and the necessity for making room there for the right class of people.

Does this mean that working-class people be cleared out in favour of wealthier residents?

There are few industries in the vicinity, you say. That may be so, but Westminster is very central for all London; and residents there can get to their work for a few pence, while it would cost them almost as many shillings to travel from outlying districts.

The terrible overcrowding in Westminster, its unhealthy slums and filthy basements in whose shadows lurk always the possibility of death from river flood, are a disgrace. But they must not be remedied by simply expelling the long-suffering working-class tenants.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. E. JOY.
Chairman, Lewisham Guardians

SIR,—It is said that Queen Bess spoke of Lewisham as "Long, limp, lazy, lousy Lewisham."

That was more than 300 years ago, but there is still no provision in Lewisham for many necessary services.

An ex-soldier who applied to Lewisham Hospital for treatment of a mental trouble incurred in the war was told—by one of the porters—to go to Camberwell or to a police-station. The unhappy sufferer, who had won the D.C.M. and had been mentioned in despatches, put an end to his troubles by throwing himself under a 'bus.

Yet the Lewisham Guardians still spend valuable time in debating at length whether they have, or have not, been called "a drove of pigs."

I, for one, don't care if they have.

JOHN BULL.

Captain McNEIL,
s.s. "Mauretania"

DEAR SKIPPER,—I have closely followed your gallant efforts to knock another knot or so out of the twenty-two-year-old *Mauretania*.

You wasted no time in taking up the *Bremen's* challenge, and you have made your plucky old vessel rip as she has never ripped before—and lower her own record time across the herring pond by hours.

You deserved to win. Perhaps you will have better luck next time. But I'm very much afraid you will need a new ship.

However, I'm delighted to hear that your directors mean to build you one.

JOHN BULL.

The DUKE OF BEAUFORT,
Badminton, Dorset

DEAR DUKE,—On your return from a visit to America, you have waxed exceedingly enthusiastic over what you describe as the "tremendous encouragement" given by the United States Government to your favourite pastime of fox-hunting.

Speaking at a puppy show, you said, "In one State, Virginia, they have a law which might well be copied here by our present Government. It is that anyone who destroys a fox except by hunting is liable to penal punishment."

And that announcement was received with cheers!

I can only say that I have a pretty poor opinion of you as an hereditary legislator. JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM BILLINGTON,
Vicarage Lane, Stratford

SIR,—I am delighted that the West Ham magistrate gave publicity to your shocking record as a cowkeeper, as well as fining you £20 for selling milk below standard.

Your convictions go back to 1900; and it seems that you have so carried on business that your poor customers receive rotten milk while the rich wholesalers who buy from you get good milk.

How many babies have you ruined for life? JOHN BULL.

Superintendent CHARLES COOPER,
New Scotland Yard

DEAR COOPER,—I rejoice at your appointment as Area Superintendent of the West End, London. You are the right man for the job.

Many a dirty corner of the West End has already been cleaned up by you, and you have dextrously landed more than one slippery alien safely in the court.

I hope you will carry on the good work with an equal measure of success. Between you and me, there is still a lot to be done before the West End can claim a clean sheet. JOHN BULL.

Dr. FOXLEY NORRIS,
Dean of Westminster

DEAR FOXLEY,—I am not so sure that your power over Westminster Abbey is as absolute as you appear to think.

The great historical inheritance of the country, its treasures in stone, as well as the splendour of its traditions, belong less to their temporary guardian than to the people of England.

The construction of the sacristy you propose to build would involve the destruction of some fine mediæval architecture.

To go forward with such a plan would be a crime. Vandalism—like murder—can never be made good.

You had better think again.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY GOSLING, M.P.,
Twickenham, Middlesex

DEAR HARRY,—The Bill you propose to introduce prohibiting the employment of children on canal boats is long overdue. But it gets my vote all the same.

The public is already alive to the terrible lot of the many uneducated, half-starved and ill-treated children working on our canals.

The latest report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and my own frequent references to it, have cast much-needed light on that unsavoury problem.

There can be no objection to such a Bill—except from slave-drivers.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "A really Socialist Government would not permit a strike."

It would be more to the point to show the present Government how to stop one.

* * *

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY: "An intelligent, thinking, self-reliant bureaucracy is one of the greatest needs of the world."

One of the greatest needs of this country is an intelligent, thinking, self-reliant electorate.

* * *

MR. A. V. ALEXANDER: "There is a diminishing trust in the possibility of armaments bringing national security."

Then the sooner there is diminishing expenditure on untrustworthy weapons the better.

The Sentence of the Court

Ye BANKS *and* BRAYS

A Peripatetic Potentate

ALL eyes were turned to the dock when the name of "Montagu Norman" (who was charged with impersonation) was called; for although the owner was well known as Governor of the Bank of England, few had ever gazed upon this mysterious potentate in the flesh.

"There was a time," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "when the Governor of the Bank was not known even by name to the ordinary man. But of late, the vagaries of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street have made it impossible for even the most violet-like Governor to avoid the limelight directed upon him by hostile critics.

"The result is that Mr. Montagu Norman is now widely known at least by name. In fact, he evidently thinks that he is too well known, for in returning from America last week he chose to impersonate a certain 'M. Collet.' Why he should have done so is not clear; but everything connected with this latest visit to our rich 'Uncle' Sam is equally obscure.

"With Mr. Norman's comings and goings as a private individual we are not concerned, but we are concerned with his shortcomings and outgoings as Governor of the Bank.

"We should like to believe that his latest invasion of Wall Street has resulted in another 'Norman' conquest, to be followed by an early reduction of the Bank Rate; but the history of similar encounters with Yankee boodle in the past do not encourage this belief.

"The air of mystery in which this journey was wrapped is, unfortunately, typical of the methods of a Bank which, while nominally a private concern, is really a public institution, regarding the policy of which the public is entitled to considerably more information than it receives."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that Mr. Norman's trip had been purely private. Apparently the fact that he had travelled as "M. Collet" had invested it with a significance which it did not possess. If, however, Mr. Norman chose to travel as "M. Collet" it was nobody's business but his own, as Collet was his second Christian name.

"At a time when gold currency is not in use," said Mr. Justice Bull, "it naturally attracts attention when the Bank of England suddenly puts a mystery 'sovereign' into circulation; more especially when this peripatetic potentate assumes the right enjoyed by other sovereigns of travelling incognito.

"Whatever may have been the reason for the descent of the Lamb-like Mr. Norman among the wolves of Wall Street, his assumption of another name savours unnecessarily of cheap theatricalism.

"Such tactics, indeed, are apt to make the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street appear more like a pantomime Dame than is good for her dignity.

"As Mr. Norman was merely disguised as himself, the charge of impersonation must, of course, fail. But I am bound to record my view that, in these days of a sky-scraping Bank Rate, the Governor of the Bank of England might employ his time more usefully than in flitting about like a character in an Edgar Wallace mystery story."

EMIGRANTS Tricked, Broken and Kicked

When the Pikes went to Canada they left a Devon farmstead. Here's one like it

Mr. Pike: "The savings of his lifetime vanished"

The Hon. Peter Larkin, Canadian High Commissioner in London, should see that Mr. Pike receives justice

ON April 22, 1926, Herbert Pike, of Honiton, in Devonshire, together with his wife and four children, sailed for Canada to try their luck as farmers in the New World.

A month ago they arrived back in England deported, like criminals, and were deposited destitute, homeless and hopeless in a Liverpool workhouse.

Three years ago Mr. Pike was a tenant farmer in Devonshire. Though his holding was small, he is an expert farmer, and he earned a modest but sufficient living from it.

The farmhouse he lived in, however, was damp and unsuitable for his children. So he began to cast around for a fresh opening. The possibilities of Canada attracted him. He could look forward to success there, moreover, as he had worked in Canada for some years before he joined the Canadian Army in August, 1914.

He applied to the Canadian Immigration Agent in England for information—and was deluged with pamphlets, describing farming in the Dominion.

Home sold up

He asked definitely if he could choose his farm and district, and stated his requirements. To all his demands the immigration office agreed; and spared no pains to facilitate his departure.

Pike sold up his farm, and converted the whole of his personal belongings into cash Tickets to Vancouver were booked for the whole family.

He left on the distinct agreement that he was to have a farm in Southern British Columbia, of a size to support twelve milch cows.

But he was soon bitterly disillusioned.

At Winnipeg the family were intercepted by officials who ordered them to proceed to Fort Fraser, in Central British Columbia.

Pike protested strongly, pointing out that he had written instructions to proceed to Vancouver, and that he expected the agreement made about his new farm to be carried out.

His arguments were ignored; and the family was packed into the train for Fort Fraser.

They found that the farm allotted to them there was a small clearing of some two acres, surrounded by 180-odd acres of bush. It was unfenced; the nearest drinking water was a mile away, and the farmhouse consisted of four rooms practically open to wind and rain.

There the family had to exist in damp misery until Pike could get materials for repairs.

The cost of living was enormous. But it was necessary for them to live on their capital, since the farm was incapable of supporting them for some years.

Pike made many and vigorous protests to the settlement supervisor. He demanded to be transferred to a farm in the southern district, on the promise of which he had emigrated.

He was told that no such farms were available. But when his capital was almost gone the family were at last moved to this part of the province.

The new home they were offered was a thirteen-acre farm, only half-cleared.

The house, measuring thirty feet by fifteen feet, was divided into five tiny rooms. Life there was intolerable for a family of seven.

All Pike's appeals to the authorities were ignored. Eventually he left his family, and went to Ottawa, where he obtained an interview with the Minister responsible for immigration.

He demanded that the authorities should fulfil the promises made to him in England, or else repatriate him to Devon. He also insisted that he should receive compensation for the money and time he had lost.

The Minister replied that his department did not know what to do with the Pike family, that they were ignorant of what suitable farms were untenanted in British Columbia, but that they would find out. He also jovially told Pike that he had no intention of sending home such a good type of settler.

Intolerable quarters

A year went by and nothing was done. Pike meanwhile tramped the streets of Ottawa, picking up casual work as a labourer.

One night two officials from the immigration office called on him.

They ordered him to pack and go with him to the office. To his astonishment he learned that his family was there in Ottawa, and that they were all to be deported next day.

Pike's protests against this outrageous deportation without warning were ignored.

When the family arrived in Liverpool they were offered railway tickets by the Canadian officials. Pike pointed out that they had nowhere to go, and no funds.

In reply they were offered quarters in a "nice warm hostel," which turned out to be the Liverpool workhouse.

There they stayed for some months. But eventually they came to London, where they now remain, destitute and workless.

This is the plain tale of yet another of the tragedies arising out of the working of the much-vaunted "3,000 family scheme" of Canadian immigration which we have previously exposed in JOHN BULL.

In the gutter

Mr Pike broke up one home to go to the Front in 1914, and another to return to Canada in 1926.

He is now forced out, and dumped back, to England and the gutter, with the work of years ruined, and the savings of his lifetime vanished.

Canadians wail that they do not get enough British settlers, and that there is something radically wrong with their immigration system

They are right.

Unless there is a speedy and drastic alteration in their methods we confidently predict that an even smaller number of Britishers will be foolish enough to entrust themselves to the doubtful care of the Canadian Government.

Meanwhile, the Canadian Government must compensate the Pikes, discover who was responsible for their treatment and punish him for his callous blunders.

Unkind UNCLE PETER

THAT the regulations for the registration of touring theatrical managers are still too lax is proved by the history of a revue called "Uncle Peter," which has just been launched on a provincial tour by O.K. Productions.

According to its advance publicity and posters, the production enjoyed every advantage: a "star cast," the "most unique and costly dressesa," and "magnificent scenery and effects." But one important ingredient was sadly lacking—good management.

This latter point is apparent from the fact that the revue opened at Aldershot during the great Military Tattoo week and then proceeded to Coventry during carnival week.

For a small touring show to hold its own against such strong local attractions was, of course, quite hopeless.

Stormy scenes

Nevertheless, the actors worked hard, and exerted all their talent, until they found that they were overwhelmingly handicapped. So irregularly were they paid that stormy scenes took place on more than one Saturday night.

How bad things were may be gathered from the fact that the principal comedian, Mr. Sam Springson, once received only £1 of his salary, while the chorus had to be content with no money at all; but were foisted off with I.O.U.'s.

Mr. Springson naturally wished to dissociate himself from such inefficient management. Finally, however, he agreed to stay with the show for another week, and to accept an I.O.U. for £26, which was all that the manager, Mr. Oscar Karl, could offer him.

Money owing

But at the end of the next week, Mr. Karl was still unable to pay out. The I.O.U. remains unhonoured to this day. In fact, Mr. Springson's arrears of salary now amount to £41, quite apart from his out-of-pocket expenses.

An actress who much regrets her tour with O.K. Productions is Miss Anna Lindsay. For two weeks she received her salary satisfactorily; then came an idle week without pay, followed by a week in which she received £1 on account.

Miss Lindsay was naturally indignant. But she "stood by" the show for another week. She was rewarded with no salary at all.

A married couple who figured in the cast also found that their salaries were only paid for the first few weeks, after which Mr. Oscar Karl adopted a system of paying them alternately, husband one week, wife the next.

Disgusted with his behaviour, they have secured another engagement. But their hopes of recovering the £35 still owed them by O.K. Productions are small.

Another artist who only remained with the show for a few weeks was paid by cheque, which was returned by the bank. She is nearly £14 out of pocket.

With most of the principals thus dropping out one after the other, it may be imagined that the position of O.K. productions is anything but O.K. Yet Oscar Karl stubbornly persists with a venture he should never have been allowed to launch.

For Oscar Karl, we find is a man of Russian origin named Michelson. He only registered as a theatrical manager in February last, and until then he was completely unknown in theatrical circles.

Guarantees needed

On more than one occasion we have commented upon the inadequacy of the Theatrical Employers Act, and this case clearly proves where revision is needed.

The regulations must be amended to make it impossible for unqualified or inexperienced managers to take a company on tour unless ample guarantee is provided that salaries will be paid however unsuccessful the venture may be.

A MUDDY DIRT TRACK Scheme

"The prospects of dirt track racing in this country"

A MAN named J. Milward Hanson, a partner in the firm of Hanson and Foskett, 292, High Holborn, is actively engaged in pushing the affairs of a company known as the Cursitor Syndicate, Ltd., with offices at the same address.

Amongst other ventures, this syndicate is engaged in promoting a company known as the London and Southern Racing Tracks, Ltd. The prospectus of this company provides on investigation some interesting features.

Chief among them are that the Bank named in it as receiving applications for shares has not given permission for its name to be so used, and that the firm named as accountants to the company deny that they have accepted this appointment.

Glowing lures

This, however, is not so surprising when you know for what purpose this prospectus is printed.

It describes in glowing terms the prospects of dirt track racing in this country, and the virtues of the various sites which the company has contracted to purchase.

The contracts are printed on a slip pasted on a blank space in the prospectus—and none of them is dated.

Messrs. Hanson and Foskett appoint themselves as surveyors to the company, and in a letter printed in the prospectus value the sites at £58,950.

This document is merely the latest of many such drafted by the fertile financial genius of Mr. Hanson.

We have reason to believe that each one has shown a different set of names on the board and considerable differences in the propositions they outlined.

The sole purpose of this flow of dubious printed matter is to induce some luckless individual to invest capital to "cover promotion costs of this company."

Should any reader of JOHN BULL meet Mr. Hanson, through an advertisement or by introduction, and be approached by him on the question of investment, we advise him to ignore the man and his proposals.

Hanson's method is to produce a prospectus, and to substantiate its claims with an array of business documents which are worth about as much as the paper they are written on.

Cunningly

The papers and their exposition are cunningly arranged to show what an extraordinary success the company will be eventually when a public issue is arranged.

It is all excellently stage managed, and Mr. Hanson's flow of argument is exceedingly persuasive up to the final point and the purpose of all his hard work.

His syndicate, he tells you, has now exhausted its funds in the preliminary costs of floating this "gilt-edged" proposition. For anything from £200 to £300 they will be prepared to take you on to the Cursitor Syndicate, Ltd., and to share with you up to a quarter in the profits of the promotion.

These, Mr. Hanson says, will be taken in about a month, and they will amount to about £3,500. He will show you ample security for this money,

Professor Low, famed scientist, was invited to become the company's technical adviser. Very wisely he declined—he knew too much

among them being his fees as surveyor to the company.

At one interview he showed as proof of standing, letters from a prosperous firm of advertising agents offering credit on the promotion advertising to the extent of £5,000.

The firm in question were highly indignant when they learnt that their letter was being used in this way, and pointed out that in any case their credit would only have been advanced against the most adequate safeguards.

The whole trap is baited with such care that it would not be surprising to learn that Hanson has already hooked several unlucky persons who have cause to rue the day they met him. We trust that after this exposure nobody will be caught by his wiles.

A few further details of the past career and present conduct of Mr. Hanson may be illuminating.

Four years ago he was employed by a well-known firm of West End estate agents. After an inglorious reign of petty peculation, his service there was abruptly terminated, when one of the principals discovered his conduct in certain financial transactions was most irregular.

He then went to another firm engaged in the same business, and making out that he had been discharged through his own loss of temper and the dislike of his late employer, he obtained a post without being asked for references.

This firm, which is greatly respected in its profession, placed him in charge of a department.

Here, too, Hanson started the same doubtful tactics. He was found out, and deported in a whirl of worthless cheques which he had cashed with the firm's clients.

In neither case did his employers take further action, deciding to bear their losses rather than be mixed up in such an unsavoury matter.

Apparently, shortly after his departure from this last post he made the acquaintance of a man who was adept in "get rich quick" methods.

In his company Hanson seems to have entered the fields of high finance, for we have evidence that this man was connected with one or both of the companies described here.

Worthless cheques

But Hanson still finds worthless cheques worth while. We have before us several cheques drawn by him which have been returned unpaid by the banks.

We trust that at least some of the men whose names appear on the prospectus of the London and Southern Racing Tracks, Ltd., will take steps to dissociate themselves from Hanson and that the general public will shun him and all his operations.

Weekly Informations— —from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Spare Time Work at a Loss

AN Essex reader has sent me a batch of interesting correspondence relating to his unfortunate experience in adopting a home-employment scheme.

This reader was favoured with an unsolicited circular from the Lattismat Manufacturing Company, of 30, Borough High Street, London, S.E., which propounded the query, "How Can I Increase My Income?" and then proceeded to furnish an answer.

He could, the circular assured him, turn his spare hours into cash by making and assembling "Lattismat" in his home. The craft was "easily and quickly learned," it seemed, while the company obligingly guaranteed to take his output of mats.

Perhaps if I quote from the circular readers will appreciate why my Essex correspondent was impressed.

"The work presents absolutely no difficulty," I read. "... The simplicity of construction causes failure to become practically an impossibility."

To this must be added the fact that the company offered "a positive guarantee" to take over the finished work made to its standard specifications and from its materials.

On the assurance that he could make from £1 to £1 10s. by spare time, or from £3 10s. to £4 by devoting all his attention to the work, my correspondent forwarded 10s. for "preliminary materials and instruction chart."

Now, a point I should like to stress very particularly is that there was not the slightest indication in the circular that any further outlay would be necessary. On the other hand, there was a definite assurance that the 10s. would be returnable if the proposition proved unsatisfactory.

With the arrival of the "preliminary materials," however, it became obvious that certain tools would be essential, my correspondent being instructed to write to the Standard Tool Company, of Nottingham, for a price-list.

From the latter company he learnt that he would require shears, a hand-punch, wire cutters, a bending jig, and an end wire finishing tool. This complete set would cost him 27s. 6d. plus postage. If he chose to send 55s. he could obtain, in addition, a two-lever cutting and punching machine.

My correspondent contented himself with the 27s. 6d. set; because by this time he had also found out that if he wished to execute work for Lattismat he must pay a "covering fee" proportionate to the work executed.

However, determined to do his best, he forwarded 22s. 6d. for sufficient materials to make 25 square feet of "Lattismat."

It was now stipulated that he must first make and submit a sample mat,

measuring 16 inches by 27 inches. This he did, but his work was not considered up to standard by the Lattismat Manufacturing Company.

By this time he was disgusted with the whole affair, and decided to ask for the return of his deposit and "covering fee."

His request has proved fruitless; he has wasted hours of labour, and is out of pocket into the bargain.

Now, as one who can claim some knowledge of mechanics and handicrafts, I would say that it is practically impossible for anyone to turn out a satisfactory "Lattismat" at a first attempt with a hand-tool outfit.

The company's assertion that the work "presents absolutely no difficulty" is preposterous. In fact, the initial circular is entirely misleading.

I venture to say that if the Lattismat Manufacturing Company were to make it clear at the outset that its proposition involved the outlay of several pounds for materials and tools and that the work necessitated considerable skill, its postbag would be drastically diminished.

"Re G.'s Man"

Our Appeal to a Big Firm

Sir Walter Greaves-Lord, M.P., counsel for Mr. Girling

This golfer is Mr. Eric Gamage

HERE is the story of a large London departmental store and one of its former employees.

We set its facts before you because the honour of the dismissed servant was challenged and vindicated, but knowledge of the fact has not been allowed to reach the world.

The firm concerned is Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd. They behaved magnanimously when certain accusations were disproved in court, and they must not be regarded as responsible for the silence of the daily Press.

But the general suppression of the proceedings has left a cloud of suspicion hanging over the reputation of a man whose honesty was unjustly jeopardised.

He is Mr. Ivan Girling, who for years was transport manager to Messrs. Gamage.

Two years ago Messrs. Gamage joined that band of *Daily Mail* readers who proclaimed that they would not use Russian petrol. They enquired the origin of petrol they had been using and learned that it was American.

A year later, Mr. Girling found that the petrol consumption of the transport fleet under his charge was excessive for the mileage run. He complained of this to the firm supplying it.

By this time the *Daily Mail's* campaign against Soviet petrol had fizzled out. In fact, the American and British oil magnates had agreed to buy this vilified spirit, and to sell it blended with their own petrols.

In order to increase the mileage Messrs. Gamage's petrol contractors now delivered to Mr. Girling a consignment of Russian petrol doped with certain chemicals.

The consignees were totally ignorant of this. But the contractors held that they were entitled to supply such petrol because each Gamage order placed with them was a separate contract, and no positive stipulation had been made against Russian petrol.

Suddenly, one day, Mr. Girling was sent for by Mr. Eric Gamage, managing director of the stores. During their interview very serious reflections were cast on Mr. Girling's integrity; and his summary dismissal followed it.

In the witness-box, when he was compelled to bring an action against his late employers, Mr. Girling stated that he had been accused of being a party to an arrangement under which Messrs. Gamage were supplied with petrol "by favour instead of merit." Also that he had been receiving secret and illicit commissions for his alleged share in the introduction of the Russian petrol

Feeling hurt

Mr. Gamage had a right to feel hurt because his anti-Soviet prejudices had been flouted. But, as later events proved and his firm has since handsomely admitted, he had no right to make charges against Mr. Girling.

During their investigations Messrs. Gamage put their own accountants into the petrol contractor's offices for a week.

Nothing could be discovered.

On what grounds, therefore, did Mr. Gamage act as he did? The answer is astounding.

During the trial the manager of the petrol contractors was cross-examined by counsel for Messrs. Gamage.

A tiny document was produced marked "*re* G.'s man." It was a voucher for a £5 payment, and an explanation was demanded.

For a moment the witness was dumbfounded. How could a document from his office files have found its way into the possession of Messrs. Gamage's counsel; and to what did the scrap of paper refer?

Its production in the court was the tit-bit of Messrs. Gamage's case.

Nor was the witness left in doubt about the inference. Counsel suggested that "G.'s man" was Gamage's man.

Fortunately, the petrol firm's manager had brought his books to court. He found the date and entry corresponding to the document.

The piece of paper, after all, referred only to a payment to a firm named Goldsine, who had a contract for clearing rubbish.

Damp squib

So what was to have been a bombshell did not have the explosive power of a squib.

Then the astonishing fact was revealed that the document had not been disclosed in the affidavit on which Mr. Girling's action was being defended.

"Why on earth not?" the judge demanded.

Counsel next admitted that the document had been given to Messrs. Gamage by a former employee of the petrol contractors. And this employee had left their service only a few weeks before Mr. Eric Gamage dismissed Mr. Girling.

There is obviously material here for a police investigation into the circumstances in which this man obtained and made use of the slip of paper.

The court adjourned. When Messrs. Gamage's counsel returned he announced that his clients would consent to judgment for Mr. Girling for £350 and costs. He also announced their conviction that there was no foundation for any aspersion upon his character.

We would be happy to hear from Messrs. Gamage that they have restored Mr. Girling to his former position of trust in their service.

SANE *and* WEALTHY PAUPER LUNATIC

The Man who Taught the Board of Control

BEHIND the walls of Bexley Mental Hospital, Kent, has lived for fifteen years a "pauper lunatic" who is neither a pauper nor a lunatic.

He is Mr. Arthur M. Martin, who is undoubtedly as sane as those who keep him in the asylum, and those who attend him there. He is so sane that he knows more about the lunacy laws than those who administer them. In fact, he has more than once proved the bureaucrat's interpretation of them wrong.

He is also the only "lunatic" who has ever brought the Board of Lunacy Control to its knees. For a long time he insisted that letters he wrote to officials relating to his case were not dispatched.

* * *

The Board of Control stoutly denied this. But at last they were compelled to apologise and to admit that his communications had not even been posted.

Mr. Martin therefore is scarcely popular with officialdom.

Before he was sent to the Bexley asylum in 1914 Mr. Martin was a lieutenant and personal friend of Mr. Henry Ford, the famous American motor-car manufacturer. While on a visit to his home in Britain he was prostrated by domestic grief, and a magistrate signed an order for his detention because he suffered from melancholia.

His long and indeterminate bondage is a perfect illustration of the fact that the Lunacy Act of 1890 decrees that the Board of Control *may* —not *shall*—order the discharge of a sane person from an asylum.

* * *

As with so many thousands of other sane people locked up in its institutions, the Board refuses to exercise its discretion in Mr. Martin's favour.

The suggestion may be made that Mr. Martin should take advantage of the loophole which the Lunacy Act gives, and persuade a relative or friend to make application for him to be medically examined by independent doctors with a view to discharge.

But it was not a relative or friend who was responsible for his removal to the asylum, so why, he argues, should he depend on others to secure his release?

In any case, even if the application were made, the Board of Control reserves the power to turn it down.

This case shows up the plight of the vast number of men and women in British asylums who have returned to complete sanity, but who have no relatives or friends to intercede for them—and the worse plight of the many with relatives and friends who would find it inconvenient if the sane person were free.

There are concealed in asylums today many "patients" like Mr. Martin who would be ordinary citizens if the law was so amended that a mental patient could demand outside medical advice and help.

But because the lunacy system is wholly designed for detention and not for cure or remedy, an asylum inmate's request to pay for the services of outside specialists either for treatment or examination is refused.

* * *

Even if he were permitted to employ a battalion of independent specialists and they reported unanimously that he should be set free, the Board of Control may still hold him within the asylum walls for the rest of his life.

It may be thought that, having the means and ability, Mr. Martin could help to shatter this astounding system and obtain his freedom at the same time, by making public application for a writ of *habeas corpus*. In this way the Board would have to show cause why he should not be produced before the Court.

But the Board shelters behind the fact that he is "lawfully" detained and flourishes the original order for his detention. Nor can he obtain facilities to challenge the validity of that order.

* * *

When he asked to see a copy of the magistrate's order and its supporting medical certificate, he was told by the Board that all such documents are "confidential."

The astonishing fact thus emerges that an asylum inmate who is sane cannot discover the reason for his captivity, or who was responsible for it, until *after* he is free.

But so long as Mr. Martin chooses to remain at Bexley, as a standing protest against our lunacy laws, he is a burden on the public purse.

The Board of Control should be sensible enough to discharge sane asylum patients at the earliest possible moment. They could not do better than begin this policy by setting Mr. Martin at liberty.

Mr. William Shadforth, the well-known London Chemist, states that 250,000 people use these

WARM WEATHER TONICS

that banish Summer Languor and stop you Falling to Pieces

These are the famous "Shadforth" Tonics which simply act like magic. Within a short time after the first dose you feel, and you are, a "new" man. These are not "new" tonics, however, they are old tonics; they have stood the test of time and are still unsurpassed. In one form or another, at a charge of multiples of guineas, they are prescribed by the world's best physicians. Glance through the list; at this time of the year practically everybody needs the help which one or other of these Tonics give.

TONIC FOR SUMMER

CATARRH
Cold, &c.

Here is the Prescription that is recognised by Aural Specialists and Doctors as the most reliable cure in the world for these deadly ailments.

Shadforth Prescription No. 331/T

PILLS—composed of Paregoric Elixir, Licorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote, etc. Licorice loosens the phlegm, Creosote is anti-tubercular and germicidal, Pine Tar is an antiseptic, Paregoric (compound of Aniseed, Benzoic Acid, Camphor and Opium) soothes the chest. Dose—One or two pills several times a day. (Special Pills without the Paregoric supplied for children.)

NASAL WASH for Adults or Children is composed of Menthol, Thymol, Wintergreen, Borax, Carbolic, and Soda Bicarb., etc. This clears the nose and throat of the deadly catarrh mucus and destroys the germs of colds, influenza, etc. **NOTE**: Thousands of persons have discovered that the use of this Nasal Wash daily keeps them absolutely free from colds. It is worth trying at all seasons of the year.

TRY THIS IF YOU ARE SUBJECT TO COLDS.

GERM-KILLING SNUFF—This is known as Dr. Ferriers' Catarrh Snuff, and is composed of Bismuth, Acacia, and a Sedative. It soothes the inflammation in the channels of the Nasal passage that is caused by the catarrhal condition. It is to be used after the nose wash.

The total cost of this Course of Treatment is 4/6, and considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small in comparison. THE COMPLETE TREATMENT COSTS **4/6** POST FREE

TONIC FOR

DEBILITY & NEURASTHENIA
Nerve Weakness and Breakdown

A MEDICINE which ACTS LIKE MAGIC in Neurasthenia, Brain Fag, and after Illness, Colds and the 'Flu.

It dispels Absentmindedness, Debility, Depression, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Run Down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness.

Known as Shadforth Prescription No. 470. Written by a Specialist thus:

Rp.: *Phosphorus*, 1-100th gr. *Damiana Extract*, 2 grs.
Nux Vomica Extract, 1-8th gr. *Lecithin*, ½ gr.
Dispense in One Tablet.

Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 470. Directions:—Take 1 or 2 tablets with meals thrice daily.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

PHOSPHORUS, constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers. *NUX VOMICA* increases Energy. *DAMIANA*, Cerebro-Spinal Tonic. *LECITHIN*, natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.

Price 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), 17/- (300 tablets). THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC, No. 632. That is to say take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on.

TONIC FOR

BACKACHE
LUMBAGO, GRAVEL
Prescription No. 40.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago, and many ailments arising from chill on the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription, which is composed of *Potassium Nitrate, Colchicum, Capsicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu Extract, Juniper Oil, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry Extract, Copaiba Balsam.*
In Tablets.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of *Methylene Blue* colours the urine green. Non-purgative. Price 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

When nervousness and indigestion are present with the backache, use No. 48 instead. Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

TONIC FOR

OBESITY

Do not despair—that slim line can still be yours by means of the successful

SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX or FOUR-FOLD TREATMENT FOR OBESITY (No. 575/DD.)

It consists of (1) a hot bath every night, washing the body with the Ox-gall Soap; this removes the superficial layers of fat. (2) After the bath, the parts are well massaged with the Reducing Cream, which promotes the absorption of the sub-epidermal fat. (3) Marienbad Salts, noted as an Obesity cure, is taken before breakfast, and (4) the Seaweed Pills are taken before each meal. These, rich in halogens, stimulate metabolism and steadily reduce fat. The complete four-fold or double-duplex treatment has proved a boon to thousands of fat people of both sexes. Price 7/9 (about two weeks' treatment) and 14/6 (about one month's treatment). Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 575/DD.

TONIC FOR

Heart and Nerve Weakness — Palpitation.

Prescription No. 632

Tonics, Cactus, Dandelion, Nux Vomica, etc.
1/6 (30) pills) 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).
Prevents faintness, trembling, heart failure, and collapse.

TONIC FOR

Bladder, Kidney, & Liver Trouble.

Prescription No. 283

Venice Turpentine, Cubebs, Pelopaldin, Copaiba, etc.
1/9 (50 pills), 3/6 (72), 4/6 (144).
A valuable antiseptic and liver stimulant.

TONIC FOR

Sciatica, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Headache.

Prescription No. 263

Phenacetin, Aspirin, Dover's Powder, Quinine, etc.
1/3 (25 tablets), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100).
Promptly relieves all nerve pains.

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, at 1/3 and 2/-. No. 2060.
Bladder, Kidney and Liver Tonic, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 283.
Hemorrhoids, Constipation, etc., Sluggish Liver, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 293.
Neverill Old Skin, at 2/6. No. 568E.
After Influenza Tonic, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 636.
Anæmia, Weakness, Pallor, Debility, at 2/- and 3/6. No. 565.
Gout, Rheumatism, Arthritis, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 74.
Psoriasis, Alopecia, Eczema, at 1/9 and 4/-. No. 550.
Sciatica, Neuritis, Neuralgia, at 2/- and 3/6. No. 263.
Cough, Bronchial and Nasal Catarrh, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 231.
Nasal Catarrh Nose Wash Tablets (Prevent influenza), at 1/6 and 2/6. No. 629TE.
Obesity, Excessive Sweatiness, Flabby Limbs, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 575.
Bad Complexion, Blackheads, Pimples, at 1/9 and 3/6. No. 442.
Dyspepsia, Flatulence and without Constipation, 1/6 and 2/6. No. 282.
Asthma and Asthmatical Cough, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 518.
High Blood Pressure, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 1128.
Hygienic Douche for Women, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 642.
Wrinkle and Grey Hair Prevention Tablets, 2/6 and 7/-. No. 544.
Anæmia, Pallor, Bloodlessness, 2/- and 3/6. No. 565.
Superfluous Hair Remover, 1/6 and 3/-. No. 961.
Sleeplessness and Nerve Excitability, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 22.
Pile Ointment (Special), 2/6. No. 1022.
Marienbad, Obesity and Gout Salts, 1/3 and 2/6. No. 616.
Critical Time, "Menopause," 2/6. No. 457.
Skin Nourishing Massage Cream, 1/6 and 2/6. No. 574.
Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, 1/3, 2/-. No. 2060.
Obesity Soap (Ox Gall), 1/3. No. 960.
Cocoa, Cocoa, 9d. No. 961.
Pimple and Complexion Lotion, 2/6. No. 782.
Obesity Massage Cream, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 834.
Neverill Nerve Cocoa, 1/6 and 2/6. No. 590.
Catarrh Snuff (Dr. Ferriers), 1/3. No. 568.
Lighter Complexion Soap (Special) 1/3. No. 1064.
Pile Suppositories, 2/-. No. 1057.
Bath Salts (Tonic-Pine Needle), 1/6 and 2/6. No. 962A.
Thinness, Emaciation, Loss of Weight, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 552.
Anæmia and Weakness in Children, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 1063.
Anti-Wrinkle Cream, 1/9 and 3/6. No. 29
Bowel and Stomach Indigestion (without Constipation), 2/6 and 4/6. No. 227.
Chest and Lung Tonic Tablets, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 522.
Aspirin Tablets, Pure, 1/3 per 100. No. 941.
Bay Rum, Hair Tonic, 2/9 and 5/-. No. 965A.
Anti-Wrinkle Soap, 1/-. No. 929.
Yeast Compound Tonic Tablets, 1/6 and 2/6. No. 1270.
Epilepsy Tablets, 2/- and 3/6. No. 2297.
Grey Hair Restorer, 2/6. No. 926.
Premature Old Age Tonic, 2/6 and 6/6. No. 1128.
Foot Ache Tablets, 1/- and 1/3. No. 528.

SAVE YOUR DOCTORS' BILLS.

TONIC FOR

INDIGESTION
ACIDITY AND GASTRITIS

For that feeling of fullness and soreness denoting Acidity, Gastric Catarrh, Flatulence, the following should be taken before each meal.

Shadforth Prescription No. 1077

The Formula

Bismuth Carb. Soda Bicarb. Magnesia Carb.
Carminatives—Aniseed, Peppermint, etc. In Tablets.
It is known as SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BICARBONATE is antacid, ANISEED and PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.
This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Price (72 Tablets) 1/4, (144 Tablets) 2/6.

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful take the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15, in addition, *viz.* 2 tablets No. 15 and 2 tablets No. 1077 before each meal, and the pains will rapidly disappear. Prescription No. 15 costs 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

TONIC FOR

BLOOD TROUBLES

which manifest themselves in a variety of ways at this season of the year, are effectively healed with

BLOOD PURIFYING Sarsaparilla Compound Tablet.
Shadforth Prescription No. 500/G.G.

Sarsaparilla Extract, 2½ *grains*; *Guaiacum Resin*, ½ *grain*; *Barbados Aloes*, ½ *grain*; *Mezereon Extract*, ½ *grain*; *Licorice Extract*, ½ *grain*; *Sassafras Oil*, *a trace*; in each Tablet.
Adult dose: 1 (or 2), with meals. Children: ½ to 1, with meals.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Sarsaparilla is a well-known purifier in blood affections; *Aloes* is liver stimulant and laxative; *Guaiacum* purges the blood from uric acid and other poisons; *Mezereon* stimulates skin and kidneys; *Licorice* is demulcent, and *Sassafras* is antiseptic.
This formula is a safe and useful remedy for either adults or children at all seasons of the year, but especially in the Spring and Autumn. It purifies the blood, clears the skin from pimples, and promotes healthy changes in the entire organism.
Price 2/6 (72 tablets), 4/6 (144 tablets).

TONIC FOR

ANÆMIC AND NERVY children

and Weakly Persons in General will find the Shadforth Duplex Treatment (No. 48/1063) to be the best of its class.

It comprises:

(1) Malted Iron Compound Tablets (Prescription 48). *Iron Phosphate*, 1/100 *grain*; *Iron Iodide*, 1/200 *grain*; *Calcium Hypophosphite*, 1/30 *grain*; *Dried Malt Extract*, 5 *grains*. In one tablet. These are excellent for malnutrition, rickets, debility, indigestion, and threatened tuberculosis in children.

(2) Vitamin-Sunshine (Prescription 1063). *Dried Malt Extract*, 2 *grains*; *Red Bone Marrow*, 2 *grains*; *Hæmoglobin*, ½ *grain*; *Chlorophyll* 1/100 *grain*; *Yeast*, ½ *grain*; *Iron Phosphate*, 1/50 *grain*; *Soda Hypophosphite*, 1/100 *grain*; *Potas Hypophosphite*, 1/100 *grain*; *Lime Hypophosphite*, 1/100 *grain*. In each tablet. Doctors prescribe these for anæmia, chlorosis, chorea, debility, malnutrition, rickets, and threatened tuberculosis. These tablets provide lime, phosphorus, vitamins in those minute quantities and varieties which nature loves. As an addition to diet they often make all the difference between a healthy and a morbid organism; Chlorophyll has been termed "bottled sunshine."

Directions.—Take Prescription No. 48 for three or four days (*Dose*: 1 to 3 *with meals*) *and then take Prescription No. 1063 for three or four days* (*Dose*: 1 *or* 2 *with meals*). *Repeat this alternate treatment till recovered.*

Price 3/9 (about three weeks' treatment, and 6/6 (about six weeks' treatment).

N.B.—The daily use of Shadforth Neverill Nerve Cocoa is recommended as an addition to this treatment. (Costs 1/6 and 4/6 extra).

Further information in the treatment of anæmia appears in "Health News," No. 10, Vol. 8. Price 1d.

Any portion of this treatment may be obtained separately at the list prices, which are as follows:—
Prescription 48—1/3 (72), 2/- (144 tablets).
Prescription 1063—2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

You can obtain these Prescriptions post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from:—

MR. WM. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST. Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. **63 (J.B.55), Grove Road, Bow, LONDON, E.3**

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 499, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 1a, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 2, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 44 London Road, Romford; 1148, Green Lane, Becontree Heath; and 49, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4.

UP, SEA DOGS— and at 'em!

by A. G. GARDINER

The launch of the "Britannic," Britain's newest ocean greyhound, at Belfast the other day

Here is the "Bremen." Can the new liners which we are building wrest the blue riband of the Atlantic from her?

THERE is what Mr. Churchill would call "a certain liveliness" in the Atlantic. A new chapter has been opened in the history of that ocean by the events of the last two or three weeks.

First came the record-breaking maiden voyage of the liner *Bremen*, followed by the successful flight of the airship *Graf Zeppelin*. Together they instituted a challenge that commanded the attention of the world and especially of this country.

The reply of the *Mauretania* to the *Bremen's* attack was a brilliant affair. It is not to be expected that a vessel which has held the blue riband of the Atlantic for over twenty years can hold the field against the newcomer with its supreme engine power, and its deliberate equipment for the task of snatching the most coveted prize of the seas.

Germany wins

For the moment, at all events, we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that the lordship of the Atlantic both by sea and air has passed to the Germans.

They have produced a boat that has probably a greater turn of speed than any mercantile vessel that has ever crossed the seas since the world began, and has brought Europe and the great American continent well within five days' journey of each other.

They have also flown an airship across the Atlantic with a greater degree of apparent success than that which has attended any previous attempt.

As good sportsmen, we have hailed these achievements with the respect they deserve. As practical people it is our business to consider how they affect the interests and the future of this country on the element which has been peculiarly our own. There is no reason for alarm, but there is real need for clever thinking as to our part in the coming struggle.

Let us in the first place clear our minds of nonsense.

Our long supremacy we have enjoyed in the Atlantic and on the seas of the world is not a right due to our race. It is a reward which has been won by generations of enterprise and adventure.

The magnitude of that reward has blinded us to this fact. We have been apt to assume that "Britannia Rules the Waves" by a sort of Divine decree, and that any challenge to our supremacy is an offence against some unwritten law of the universe.

It is not so and it never has been so.

On merit

If we have been the most successful sea-going people in the world we have been so on our merit; and if we are to maintain that position, we can only maintain it on the same terms. The Atlantic is not our private pond.

In the second place, do not let us lose our sense of proportion. Because a German steamer and a German airship have broken the Atlantic records there is no need for us to break our hearts. These spectacular feats are striking, but their importance can be easily overstated. It is only a nominal lordship of the Atlantic that has passed from our possession.

The real British supremacy in the Atlantic trade has not rested on the fact that for over twenty years that wonderful boat the *Mauretania* has held the blue riband of the seas. It has rested on the fact that this small island has for generations sent out half the mercantile fleets that have carried on the overseas commerce of the world.

Where we score

That supremacy still remains. We are not only supreme as ship-owners. We are supreme as ship-builders.

At this moment there is a larger tonnage of ships being built in British yards than in all the shipyards of all the other countries of the world put together.

In stressing the point I do not wish to suggest that the nominal dominion of the Atlantic is unimportant. This is an age of advertisement and the nation that can write its advertisement on the face of the Atlantic has done a good stroke of business. We have written that advertisement in the past and we shall write it again.

So far as the *Graf Zeppelin's* advertisement is concerned, I am not personally eager that this country should enter into the competition.

I have never believed, and I do not now believe, that the lordship of the Atlantic is going to be exercised in the air—least of all by the airship.

I admire the tenacity with which the Germans have stuck to their belief in the giant gasbag, but I am unmoved in the conviction that that faith is a giant illusion. The airship is the clumsiest absurdity ever invented for the purpose of war. And the post-war experiments, even when they were as apparently successful as the latest flight of the *Graf Zeppelin*, have been only less conclusive of the worthlessness of the airship for practical and profitable commercial uses.

The challenge of the *Bremen* is a different matter, and it will be eagerly taken up in this country. It is too much to expect that the *Mauretania* shall permanently recover the laurels she won from the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* in the early days of the century. Indeed, I think it is a mistake to make the attempt.

The *Mauretania* has played her part—a most illustrious part—in the history of the Atlantic ferry, and her hull should not now be put to the impossible strain of such a contest.

The task of winning back the blue riband of the Atlantic will fall probably on the new Cunarders, which in tonnage will dwarf the *Bremen* and in power will exceed two-fold that of the *Mauretania*.

But these are not the only new prospective competitors. The White Star "super-*Olympic*," now on the stocks at Belfast, is expected to make a bid for the prize; and, in addition, both the Americans and the Italians are entering the field.

Supremacy race

In short, the world has embarked on an unprecedented race for supremacy in the Atlantic trade.

In that race the issue will lie between ourselves and the Germans, who are our most formidable rivals in that instinct for the sea which has given us our supremacy in the past. I do not think we need fear the result, but it will be a costly struggle.

For you must understand while there is much glory, there is little profit in this ocean greyhound business.

It is estimated that the running costs of the new Cunarders will involve an extra £1,000 a day; and it is certain that we are nearing a speed limit at which the maintenance of the competition will be impossible, and the price of the advertisement will swallow up more than all the profits of the business.

Take it up

Let us by all means take up the glove that the *Bremen* has thrown down.

But do not let us forget that our sovereignty of the seas does not rest on the spectacular feats of an occasional ocean greyhound, but upon the solid virtues of British seamanship, British shipbuilding and British commerce.

Let us preserve those virtues and this fight for the Atlantic cannot go against us.

Who owns the SHORE?

THE idea that the seashore is public property, and that all are free to bask, bathe, boat or paddle from the sands is quite wrong.

It will probably come as a surprise to most people to learn the legal limitations of access to the holiday beach. While it is always legal to sail, fish and swim in our coastal waters, it is not always legal to put off from the shore or to land upon it.

This arises from the fact that only the foreshore between high and low water is Crown property. It sometimes happens that above high-water mark the shore is privately owned. When this is so the public can legally get to the beach only by committing trespass, unless, of course, there is a public highway.

* * *

It might be considered that while this is actually the law, in practice it is of little consequence. The law of the foreshore was laid down in a famous test case more than a century ago, when it was held by the judges that the public had no right of access at all to the foreshore, whether Crown-owned or private property.

This decision was challenged in 1903, but the Court of Appeal, by a majority of three to one, upheld the finding of the Court of 1821.

It was argued that if the public had a right, then it would be an infringement of that right if the Government (in other words, the Crown) used the foreshore so as to shut off the public.

And as it is obviously the right of the Government to build fortifications, harbours, docks or anything else of the kind necessary for the public good, the public uses the foreshore on sufferance only.

* * *

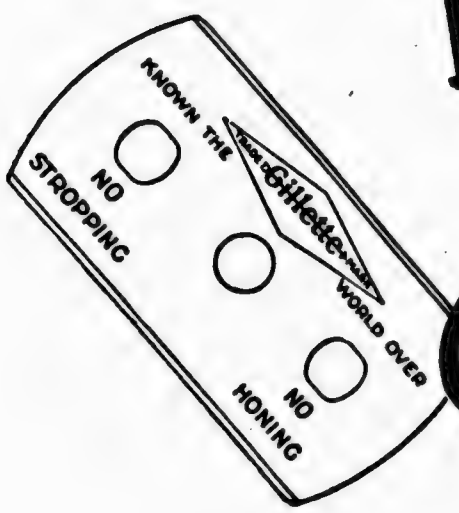
A few years ago the Earl of Guilford, owner of the foreshore between Ramsgate and Deal, levied a toll on holiday-makers. There was an outcry. But the Earl was within his rights.

At Freshwater, Isle of Wight, visitors are charged threepence for the use of the foreshore. This toll goes to the longshoremen who happen to be the private owners of it.

Foreshore rights are sometimes of considerable value, when they include the right to cart away shingle and sand, establish oyster beds and fisheries. But even on that part of the foreshore owned by the Crown the public has only a limited right of access and use.

Technically, it is an offence to remove seaweed or shells. But we shall wait a long time before the Crown asserts its claims to these considerable souvenirs.

Tomorrow never comes



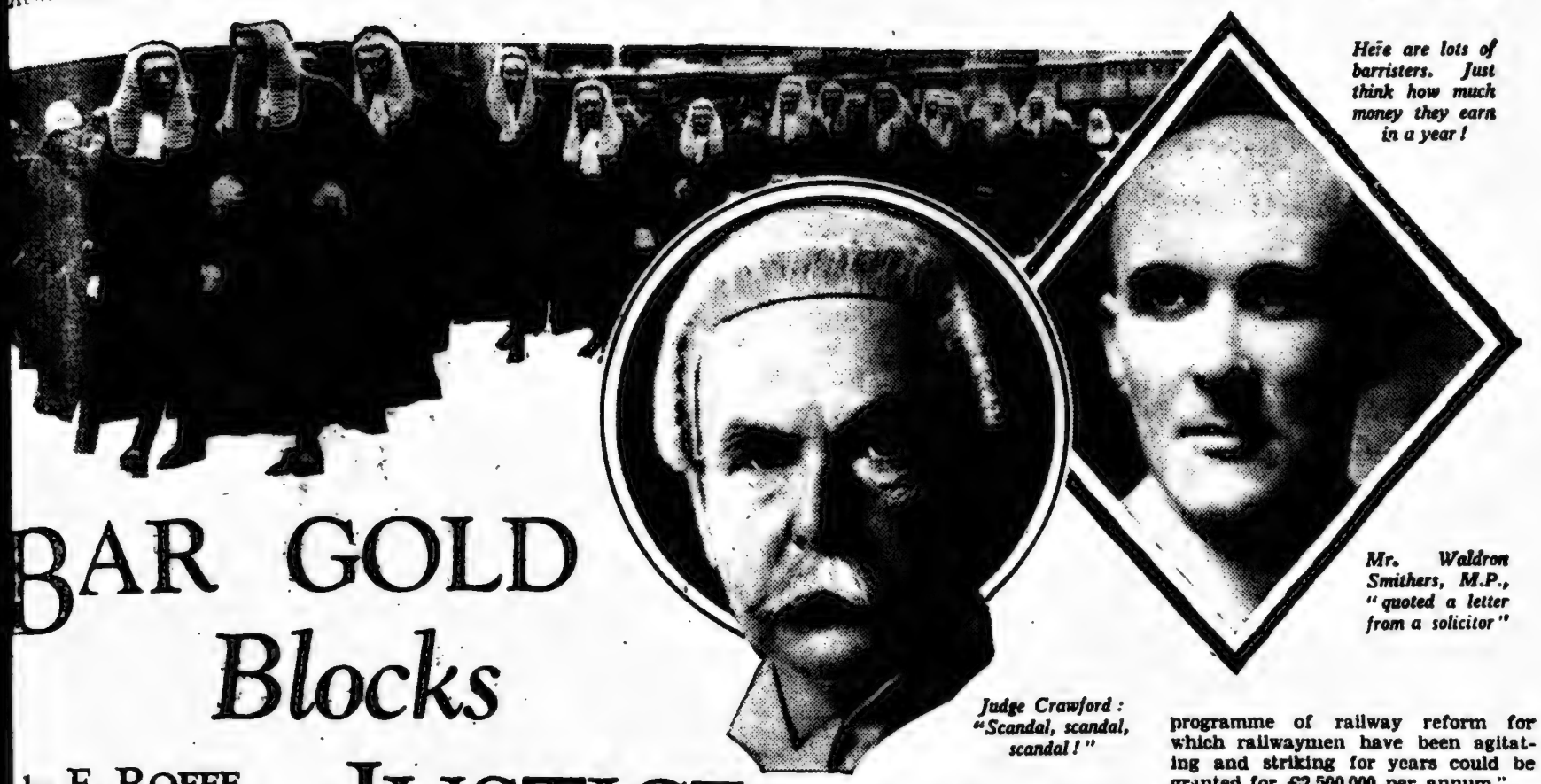
Get a packet of genuine

TRADE Gillette MARK

Blades *to-day*

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Gillette Safety Razor Ltd., 184/188, *Great Portland Street, W.1.*



Here are lots of barristers. Just think how much money they earn in a year!

Mr. Waldron Smithers, M.P., "quoted a letter from a solicitor"

Judge Crawford: "Scandal, scandal, scandal!"

BAR GOLD Blocks JUSTICE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

If you are thinking of indulging in a little litigation, let me give you some very sound advice.

Don't!

Dick Turpin was a mere amateur, the Forty Thieves were clumsy bunglers beside the gentlemen in wig and gown whom you will have to engage if you wish to get justice.

Mr. W. Smithers, M.P., quoted not long ago a letter he had received from a solicitor who said that in his forty years' experience his most trying job was to tell his clients:

"Yes, you have been cheated. You have a very good case, but unless you have £1,000 or so to spend on costs, you must submit to be robbed. You have lost, say, £500, but that is nothing to what you will have to pay out before you can get to the judge better grin and bear it."

It is more than twenty-five years since the Law Society first considered the scandal of law costs. It is still considering it.

Judge after judge has denounced the cost of justice as a national scandal. Lord Justice Scrutton was only the latest of a large number when, the other day, he called £100 "perfectly preposterous" as a fee for counsel.

Judge Crawford, commenting on a High Court case about a carpet where the plaintiff had to pay £500 in costs, though the amount in dispute was only £250, said:

Enormous scandal

"It is a grave blot on our judicial system that costs should be allowed to run up to these enormous figures. I suppose it will go on—scandal, scandal, scandal!—until someone is strong enough and wise enough to stop it."

Lord Buckmaster did not mince matters. "Innocent litigants," he complained, "have frequently to hazard the whole of their savings to get justice from the courts of law."

Lord Sumner was even more bitter. "Do not," he said, "be led away by the mirage of cheap justice. In this country justice is never cheap. It is difficult enough to get it at all."

It is no wonder that the *Times* was once moved to remark: "Magna Carta notwithstanding, we sell justice and we sell not cheaply." That is a stinging indictment of a legal system that we pride ourselves is superior to any other on earth.

Yet nothing is done. Judges can and do protest, but the robbery of clients that Mr. Justice Astbury recently called by the one word "Monstrous!" remains.

Monstrous it certainly is. The actions that arose out of the late Lord Northcliffe's will ran away with £50,000 in legal costs. The Russell divorce case cost £30,000.

When the Swansea Corporation constructed a new reservoir a legal battle with adjoining coal-owners cost £100,000.

The private individual fares no better than the wealthy corporation. There was a case at the Norwich Assizes where the disputants differed over the sum of £154. The legal costs were £1,000.

The scandal is just as flagrant in the County Court, which is supposed to be for the poor man. Quite recently a man who sued another for £78 had to pay £300 in legal expenses.

I have kept for some years a cutting from a sober financial paper which cannot be beaten for its outspokenness on the scandal of the legal profession. It deserves to be rescued from oblivion:

"From the time railways were introduced up to the present moment the lawyers have certainly bled the companies to the extent of quite £500,000,000, on £300,000,000 of which interest has had to be paid during the past fifty years, is being paid to-day, and will have to be paid until the railways are forced into liquidation or are taken over by the State.

"At 3 per cent. this lawyers' annual tribute represents £9,000,000 quite apart from the sums they extort year by year as current costs.

"The serious feature of this annual tribute of £9,000,000 is that the entire programme of railway reform for which railwaymen have been agitating and striking for years could be granted for £2,500,000 per annum."

That is how the problem of the lawyers struck the financial experts. Let us see how it strikes someone who possesses just ordinary common-sense, say you or me.

There is in Sheffield a society called "The Ancient Cutlers' Company of Hallamshire." By an old Act of Parliament a meeting of the company must be held on the first Monday in August between the hours of 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. to elect twenty-four assistants.

No meeting is ever held, but the law requires that the provision for the meeting shall be made. So each year the secretary solemnly sits in the hall waiting for the members who never come.

You and I would say that the simplest thing to do would be to alter the Act of Parliament. So it would: but we are forgetting the lawyers.

To alter the Act of Parliament would cost the company at least £800 in legal fees. That's why it is not altered.

It is a perfect—if outrageously costly—farce.

It is a strange thing that while we have a legal system that is uncorrupt and uncorruptible we allow its members to make its machinery inaccessible to any but the wealthy.

It is an admirable maxim of British law that if a wrong has been committed it must be set right. It is a flagrant injustice that we should allow the lawyers to say to the poor man: "But for setting this wrong right you must pay through the nose."

Lawyers won't

It is no good expecting the lawyers to redress this scandal. It is not likely they will ever be willing to reform themselves to their own detriment.

But redressed it must be, and it is clearly a matter for drastic Parliamentary enquiry and action.

"The strong feeling of the profession," said Sir Edward Parry in one of his books, "has always opposed all legal reforms until a stronger feeling outside the profession has made them inevitable. Perhaps that is Nature's method of evolution.

"On the other hand, delay in reform, as history teaches us, sometimes overwhelms the strong feeling of the profession by revolution."

I will leave the lawyers to ponder Judge Parry's words, and to extract from them what comfort they may.

The Human Machine

Are You a "YES-MAN"?

THE faecination of Mr. H. G. Wells as a writer is that at any moment you are apt to come across a sentence that strikes with the impact of a blow.

He has a disconcerting knack of jerking the reader out of his self-complacency and making him sit up and take notice. There is such a sentence in his "Short History of the World."

"Systematic thinking," he says, "is apparently a comparatively late development in human experience; it has not played any great part in human life until within the last 3,000 years.

"And even to-day those who really control and order their thoughts are but a small minority of mankind. Most of the world still lives by imagination and passion."

It is painfully true. We may not be very willing to admit it, but we cannot honestly dispute it.

Most people have no more real control over their brains than a baby would have over a racing motor-car.

Controlled and ordered thoughts need a basis of ability to face facts. They need the courage to do what Darwin did, who took extra special care to record things that were antagonistic to his theories.

You can't stop your brain thinking. It will do that, however lazy you may be; but so few people ever train their brains to think fearlessly and logically.

The only real difference between people is in their willingness and ability to think. It is that, just that, which makes a few people individuals and the rest a mere crowd.

The Americans in their picturesque way call those human echoes who agree to everything that anyone says, "Yes-men."

You weren't given a brain merely to echo other people. It was given you so that you could originate and create.

DEBROY SOMERS conducts Blindfold Test on his famous Band

Well remembered as the first conductor of the Savoy Orpheans, Debroy Somers has had a rapid and romantic rise to fame. It is comparatively recently that he and his All-British Band broke into 'Variety,' but to-day he is known far and wide as the gifted leader of one of the finest syncopated orchestras in the world. An apt slogan for Debroy Somers would be "British Tunes for British People."

The BLINDFOLD TEST

Test No. 64 (29-7-29). The Blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. Only one question is asked: "Which did you enjoy most?" Saronys famous *smoothness*, and complete absence of harshness or bite is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Saronys their soothing, fragrant smoothness. So, "you can tell the difference, even blindfolded."

11 out of 15 pick SARONY

Blindfolded, eleven of Debroy Somers' versatile instrumentalists chose Sarony *because they preferred it for its smoothness* when compared with four other well-known brands during the Blindfold Test.

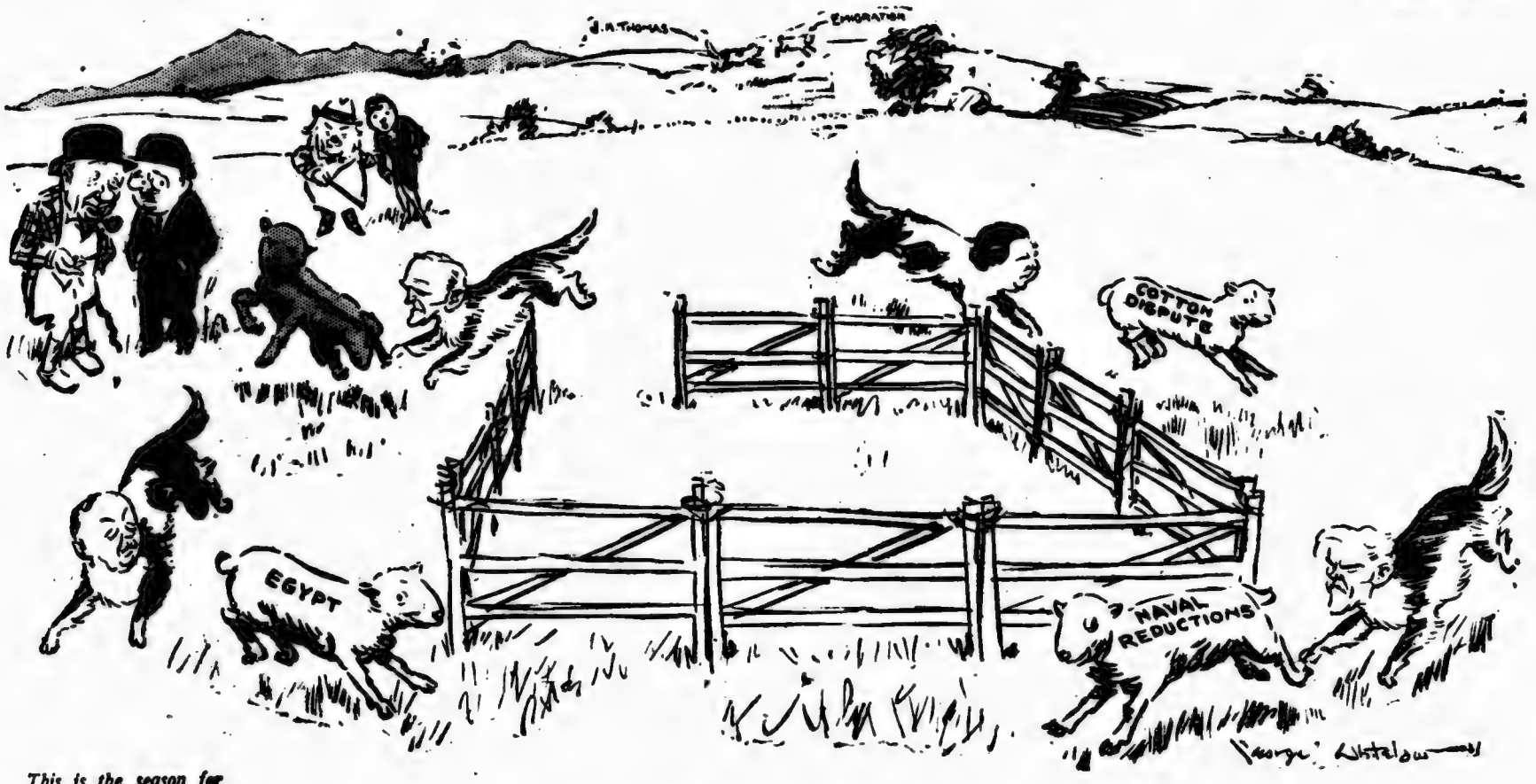
10 *for* 6d.
20 *for* 1/-

Sarony

Flat Fifties 2/6

YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd



This is the season for Sheep Dog Trials

CAN THEY PEN THEIR SHEEP?

The WHOLE PACK BARKS TOGETHER

Without Fear or Favour—
by the Editor

THE undivided backing of the whole nation that is behind Mr. Snowden at The Hague Reparations Conference is an astonishing phenomenon that deserves serious attention.

Only a generation ago the bare thought of a Labour Government was anathema to three-quarters of the nation. To-day the Labour Party is not only in office, but in office with the good will of the whole country.

Nobody is in the least anxious to obstruct or oppose. Broadly speaking, the "National Council" for which Mr. MacDonald pleaded a few weeks ago is in being in practice, if not in theory.

Even the sweeping proposals for the new Anglo-Egyptian Treaty have been received with good will all round. An insignificant minority of newspapers attacked them. Only the less responsible and publicity-seeking Tories denounced them.

The old party distinctions are being slowly and, as we think, inevitably wiped out. There is growing, equally slowly but none the less surely, a national political consciousness that is impatient of artificial criticism and party obstruction; a consciousness that national problems demand national solutions.

It is not many years ago that any Conservative proposal would have been inflexibly opposed by the other parties merely because it came from that particular Party. Any Liberal or Labour measure would have met a like combination of Party-blinded critics.

We may be unduly optimistic, though we don't think we are, when we feel that the nation is beginning to weary of the whole silly party game and is—dimly, perhaps—feeling its way towards a more sensible and sportsmanlike way of conducting its business.

IT may be merely that at last we are coming to realise that the problems that beset us are too vast for any one party, too vital to depend on academic theory.

Whatever the cause, there is a real move towards the "nationalisation" of politics such as we have always fervently advocated.

The same tendency is reflected in the Press. The days of slavish adherence to a political creed are going if they have not already gone. The Press, like the politicians, is busy developing a national outlook on all the questions that matter.

The world has shrunk ever since the war. Every speed-up of the methods of international communication reveals how indissolubly nations are linked together and how interwoven are the threads that bind them.

We think all these things are beginning to be appreciated, but the process is one that developing civilisation is inexorably bringing about, whether we help it or not.

The phenomenon of The Hague Conference should not be disregarded. It is the most needed lesson our politicians have had for a long time.

* * *

THE Food Council, which recently stated that the bakers were justified in raising the price of bread, has now accused the millers of what amounts to faking the price of flour.

Nothing can be done about it because the Food Council has no powers to do anything. The millers, like the bakers before them, are utterly contemptuous of the Council and all its works.

Daily Bread Too Dear

Meanwhile, the addition of a halfpenny to the 4-lb. loaf has added £5,000,000 a year to the national bread bill.

Of course, it is nobody's fault. It never is.

The bakers blame the Canadian Wheat Pool for the high price of flour; farmers say that millers and shippers are profiteering; the shippers and millers blame the bakers. Certainly the Canadian Wheat Pool—an organisation of 133,000 farmers—is a brigand of no mean order. But once the grain leaves Canada it passes into the hands of our own millers.

They run perhaps the most highly trustified businesses in Great Britain. They own the steamships that bring the grain, the granaries, the mills and the bakehouses.

If an individual baker dares to cut prices he doesn't get his flour. The monopoly is complete—and the Council is helpless, powerless.

ON any questions of trade and commerce Sir William Morris, whose article appears on page 7, has gained a right to be heard. He has, so to speak, delivered the goods. He has won his spurs. We join issue with him, however, when he asserts that safeguarding is a cure for unemployment. It is not hard to show how fallacious his reasoning is.

Where We Differ

To begin with, safeguarding cannot by any imaginable means be applied to such trades as shipping, shipbuilding, marine engineering, coal-mining, printing or transport. Yet these trades account for nearly 65 per cent. of unemployment.

Even if Sir William Morris were made Dictator to-morrow he could not, by Safeguarding, procure work for more than one unemployed man in forty.

Even in his own industry, the motor trade, he is not on very sure ground. The facts are quite indisputable, and they do not support his theories in the least.

The truth is that in 1922 the production figures of British cars, excluding commercial vehicles, were 38,419. In 1923 the figure was 64,000. It rose to 107,000 in 1924, and to 133,500 in 1925. It was 158,699 in 1926, and 1927 saw a still further rise to 161,920.

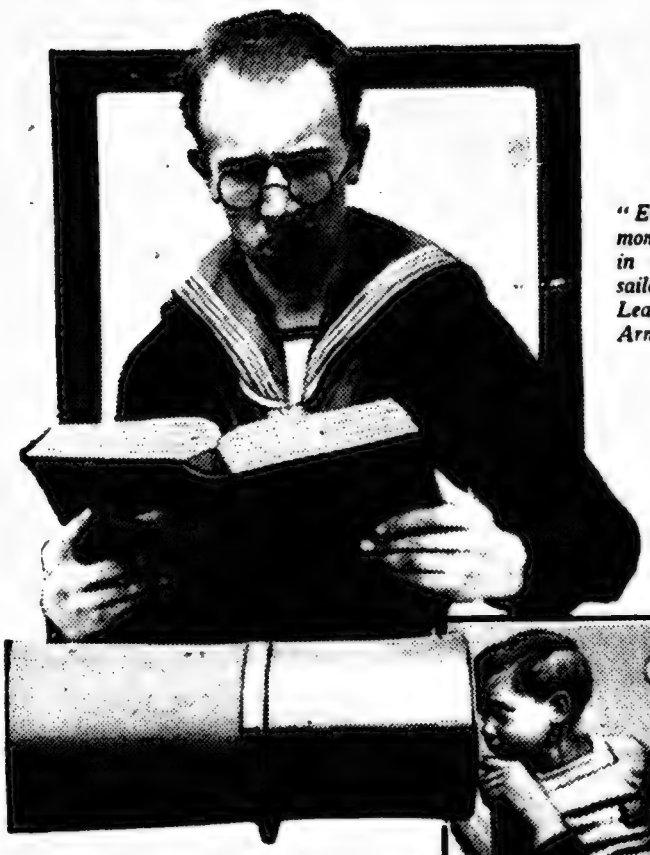
Increase all the way—yet the M'Kenna Duties were repealed in 1924; and were not reimposed until July, 1925.

WE should be interested to hear Sir William Morris explain why the greatest increase in production occurred in 1924-5, the year in which there was no Safeguarding.

If we look at the export trade the same strange fact emerges. It is an officially recorded and indisputable truth that in 1924-5 the increase in exports amounted to £4,000,000, a greater increase than any subsequent year has shown.

Those who wish to save inefficiency by Safeguarding it have yet to produce any figures that cannot be shown to be hopelessly and irrefutably wrong.

Able Bodies and Abler Brains make



"Every available moment is occupied in reading." This sailor reads the League of Nations Armaments Year-Book

It's Navy week, this week, when the "owners" come aboard. Here's a small owner inspecting one of "Calliope's" guns

IF you have a son or nephew in the Navy and you get a gilt-edged card from him stating that his ship is "At Home" for Navy Week and will be pleased to see you, don't be surprised.

He might even come up from Portsmouth in his car, or on his motor-bike, to fetch you.

There's no telling with the modern sailor. From his leather week-end suit-case to his wrist-watch, he bears small resemblance to the old "tarry breek'd" type of British sea-dog.

A shanty of "Three Decker" days enquired "What shall we do with a drunken sailor?" The young sailor of to-day is practically a teetotaller. He drinks only thirty-five per cent. of the rum issued to him by a beneficent Admiralty. Sixty-five per cent. of all ships' companies take the money instead of the drink.

The majority use the money for insurance.

When the last world cruise set out, the police chiefs in every port-of-call made their usual stern representations to the Admiral of the Squadron, asking for extra large naval shore patrols to help the police. Their requests were politely refused. Only skeleton patrols were put ashore.

The Admiral's action was fully justified. Not a single sailor gave trouble ashore throughout the whole of the cruise.

Sailors of the old school, of course, were different.

Rumour had it that they didn't care. The new type of sailor does care. He is very intelligent. He is in the Navy for a career.

And the Navy is making it worth his while. It is setting out to attract a higher standard of recruit. Judging by the long waiting lists, it is succeeding.

Boy's chances

A boy in the Seaman Class can rise from 5s. 3d. a week to 52s. 6d. a week and allowances in a few years. Allowances range from 1s. 9d. to 10s. 6d. a week, excluding extra pay for good conduct, and substantial money prizes that can be won for good shooting and proficiency in other things.

In the skilled branches, wages soar to enviable heights.

A chief electrical artificer, for example, can draw 80s. 6d. a week and free rations. The same conditions hold for chief engine-room artificers.

A leading stoker can rise to be a first class mechanician and draw up to £3 10s. a week, and go higher to warrant rank if he has the brains.

The Admiralty want the boys with brains. It is possible for a boy nowadays to jump straight from school into an advanced class at a naval establishment, and to find himself well on the way to commissioned rank before he is twenty-five.

Roses all the way

The clever boy treads a path of roses straight into the wardroom.

Four weeks' preliminary training gains him admission to an advanced class. Here he does school and technical work. He is expected to work twice as hard as the pre-war boy; and a system of examinations keeps him busy up to the moment when he goes to sea.

At sea, he finds more school waiting for him, although when he becomes an A.B. all compulsory training ceases for him. But then he begins real work instead.

He wants to get on to warrant rank, and the ominous shadow of the higher educational test falls athwart his path. He knows he doesn't "stand an earthly" unless he volunteers for every extra course going in his branch.

The boy sits down to it.

A year or so later he finds himself in a large lecture-hall answering examination papers that would turn the hair of the average taxpayer completely grey.

Let us take a glance, for instance, at the general knowledge paper for the 1928 examination.

"Write a short essay on Morality of Greyhound Racing, or on Dr. Johnson's saying: 'He who is tired of London is tired of life.'"

"Give a short but full description of the following present-day subjects: The Flapper Vote, Blanesburgh Report, Freedom of the Seas, Dawes Plan of Reparations.

"Have you any ideas on four of the following subjects:

(1) Why is the planet Venus only seen in the evening or early morning?

(2) What is the use of two engines in pulling a train?

(3) Why is there a hollow in the face of a brick?

(4) Does the putting back of the hands of a wrist-watch damage it?

(5) Why are anger and fear unhealthy?

(6) Can cats see in the dark?"

But this is only general knowledge. There are also history, geography, navigation (three papers), practical mathematics, mechanics and magnetism and electricity papers to be grappled with.

According to the examiners, 1,182 candidates toed the line for the 1928 educational test. They sent in 2,210 papers. Both of these figures were record.

Passing the higher educational test brings the young sailor close to the higher ranks of the service. He has only to continue working at his job, and he will in time rise to be an engineer commander, earning up to £976 a year.

These details explain the chief reasons why the modern sailor is so different from his predecessor. He has little time on his hands. Every available moment is occupied in reading, studying and going to lectures.

He is given every opportunity to work.

In the old days, fleets put in more sea-time. They were out for three or four weeks at a stretch.

The modern fleet does less sea-time. It is highly expensive to run; and if it remained at sea for any length of time, the taxpayers would want to know all about it.

Even general manœuvres are cut out. The modern fleet performs "continuous exercises"—just as instructive and more economical.

So the sailor of to-day keeps port more often. He receives more leave and shares in the life of the land to a far greater extent.

He takes a violent interest in athletics. Instead of the old-fashioned sea sports, he plays football and water-polo. There is hardly a ship in the Fleet that has not got its football and water-polo teams, and the standard of play is very high.

The old-time sailor will be remembered as a barrel-chested, short-legged figure of a man. He was large-handed and small-footed. His sports were mainly boat pulling and sailing.

The modern sailor is a slimmer man. He is longer-legged and of a more normal physical type. The revolutionary changes that have taken place in his routine and amusements are the main causes of this difference.

Issuing their rum ration to ratings of "Renown." most post-war sailors prefer to draw money in liquor. They're "dry"

Life aboard H.M. ships, of course, has also changed.

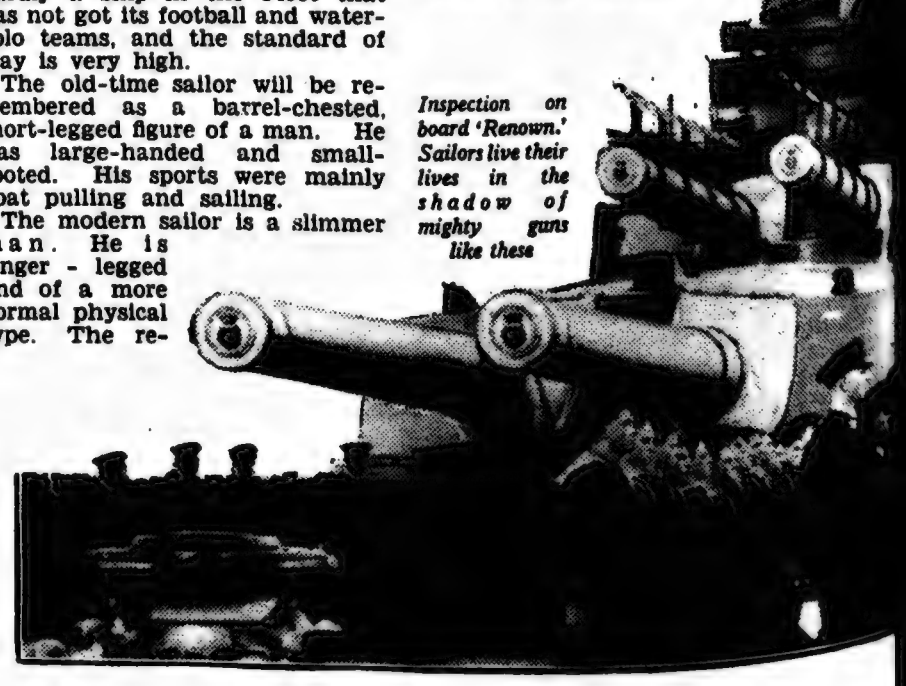
Petty officers have cushions and armchairs. The old boat crews, for example, are no longer called upon to provide transport to shore. Electric and oil-driven boats have taken their place.

Like fighting cocks

In messing and general accommodation, the modern sailor shares far greater advantages than did his forerunner.

Except in destroyers and other small craft, the standard ration is abolished. The messroom of a battleship is run like a popular restaurant.

In the old days, a standard ration was issued and the sailor was expected to make his own arrangements for cooking it in the galley. He had his victualling allowance, which permitted him to buy extras at the canteen.



Inspection on board 'Renown.' Sailors live their lives in the shadow of mighty guns like these

the NEW NAVY

TARS of a DIFFERENT COLOUR

To-day everyone receives the same food, well cooked in electric ranges, varied and plenteous. The victualling allowance goes direct to the Paymaster. And if he has a flair for gastronomics, he can do marvellous things with the menu on the sum at his disposal. He frequently obliges.

Most of the old sailors sniff at this new arrangement. They go about muttering in dark places the word "Ticklers."

A sailor dressed in the uniform of Nelson's day—But our present navy can still show the "Nelson Touch"

"Ticklers" is the adjective which describes anything "Cissy" or soft, like cut tobacco instead of plug, jam instead of rum, and other new-fangled ideas which no hard-roed sea-dog can abide.

There might be something in the old sailor's grouch. Even destroyers have abolished Hard Lying money, which compensated seamen for lack of big ship comforts.

Is the modern sailor soft? Is he self-supporting? Were he handed a hunk of bread and a lump of meat, could he make a meal of it?

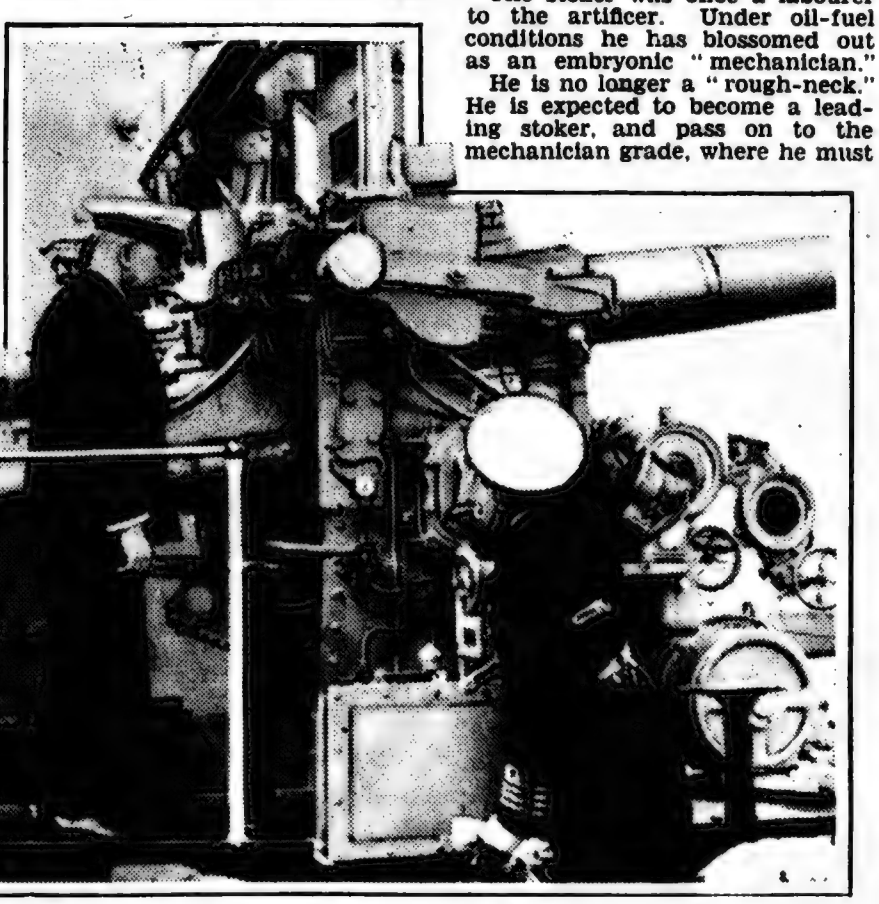
Experience has proved that on occasions, as in the last coal strike when sailors manned the pits against flooding, the old-time hand made a better job of his culinary arrangements than did the younger sailor.

But, nevertheless, the sailor of to-day outstrips the older hand in almost every other department of his job He is a Jack-of-all-trades in the true sense of the word. He has to know a good deal about everything. In addition, he must be a mathematician and an engineer.

Even in a destroyer, at least a quarter of the company must be engineers. (In a coal-burning battleship engineers are the largest single body of men.) A gunner must be more than someone that fires a shell. Torpedo work is highly intricate. The electrical side of the ship demands the attention of the ordinary seaman as well as the electrical artificer.

The stoker was once a labourer to the artificer. Under oil-fuel conditions he has blossomed out as an embryonic "mechanician."

He is no longer a "rough-neck." He is expected to become a leading stoker, and pass on to the mechanician grade, where he must know all about fitters' and turners' work, have a knowledge of working and construction of engines and boilers, and general educational subjects.



Mr. Alexander, Labour First Lord of the Admiralty, inspects one of "Nelson's" light guns. He knows now what an expert each A.B. must be

Like his colleagues, he does not toil to anything like the extent in the old days. The modern sailor rises at 5.40 a.m. and his day ends at 4 p.m., unless he is on duty watch, which occurs one day in three or four, or there are special jobs to be done.

He has two half-days a week to himself, and all day on Sunday.

On big ships he has a recreation room as well as the mess deck. He has a bookstall which caters for all requirements in reading.

He has a welfare committee to look after him, with his own squadron representative to sit on it.

Being a more intelligent and serious-minded man, he is also more religious than his predecessor. Voluntary service is always well attended.

And the padre is still the friend of the sailor. His cabin must be farthest forward in the ship, and thus nearest the men's quarters. Admiralty lays it down that any man in the ship must have free access to the padre's cabin without going through the officers' quarters.

The young man spends all the early days of his naval life in school with a book in his hand, cleans his teeth and uses the new-fangled bathrooms with startling regularity.

Sir Charles Madden, First Sea Lord, is the big brain behind the Navy's post-war development

"He might come . . . on his motor-bike to fetch you"

H.M.S. "Box of Tricks"

He is familiar with all modern armaments—guns, searchlights, torpedoes, signalling—the whole intricate and complex box of tricks known as H.M.S. Something-or-other which goes down to the sea.

The Admiral can dictate a long message, and he will take it down with the efficiency of high-speed shorthand-typist. He knows all there is to be known about gunnery and torpedo work. If there is aircraft in his ship, he knows something of the theory of flight.

And in spite of all the "high-brow" stuff and the "Ticklers," the young sailor is still a man of spirit when it comes to a fight.

A certain American warship put into Chatham some time ago and its coloured complement began an evening's fun by making advances to English girls. Most of these sheiks ended up in the water. The remainder beat the clock towards their ship.

It took a certain amount of persuasion on the part of the patrols to prevent our sailors following them to continue their protests.

There is not, after all, so much difference between the old and new boys of the Bulldog Breed!

Scoutmasters say Daily Bread needs 'Golden' Shred'

The Easily Digested Marmalade

ROBERTSON—only maker

USEFUL & VARIED FREE GIFTS ARE NOW OFFERED TO SMOKERS OF SUNRIPE the 'Quality' Cigarettes 10 for 6° 20 for 1/-

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P. C. WREN

author of "Beau Geste," tells you a true story of the Foreign Legion—

No. 187017

THE following story, amazing and almost incredible though it appears, is not fiction, but unadorned recorded fact which can be verified by reference to French newspaper files of 1891.

It is one of the most astounding examples of the aptness of the old saw, *Truth is stranger than fiction.*

Any writer of fiction who had the courage to use this incident in a novel would inevitably be laughed to scorn by the wise and learned men who reviewed his book.

The story begins in the year 1870, when the Hun was ravaging France. Paris was besieged, and its inhabitants thankful to be able to buy the flesh of cats, rats and mice at fabulous prices.

As in 1914, every Frenchman who could bear arms was fighting to save his beloved country and to drive the loathed invader from its sacred soil. Young boys and old men marched and fought beside those of military age. Among the first was a boy named Battreau, a burning patriot and a keen and ardent soldier who quickly rose to the rank of sergeant.

Battreau was the Happy Warrior,

"that every man in arms should wish to be,"

for his profession was his hobby, he loved his work, and this campaign was to him a Crusade and a Holy War. Unlike the majority of soldiers, especially those of a conscript army, he positively enjoyed drill, and regarded his Chassepôt rifle rather as a pet or a beloved comrade than as a heavy encumbrance and a beastly thing that he had to sweat over, and keep speckless.

IF ever young Battreau got a punishment, which is improbable, it was certainly not for having a dirty rifle. To him indeed was applicable the saying that "A soldier's best friend is his rifle."

Curiously enough, the number of Battreau's gun was 1870 and 17, his own age—187017, a number easily remembered and one that he never forgot. And Private Battreau did more than love and polish and treasure his beautiful new gun; he used it to some purpose, for he proved, even from his recruit days, to be an exceptionally fine shot.

According to those who knew him, Battreau, although a keen soldier, was anything but bloodthirsty, and it was not in a revengeful spirit of murderous triumph that he recorded on the butt of 187017 the number of Germans who, to his certain knowledge, he killed with it.

No doubt he shot many more than his tally showed, but whenever, in single combat or when sniping, he killed his man he drove a tiny tack or shoe "brad" a little way into the butt of his rifle, and then pulled it out again.

What with its number, composed of the date of the year and his own age, and the neat row of tiny holes in the stock, it was not likely that Private Battreau, Corporal Battreau, Sergeant Battreau would have any difficulty in identifying his rifle among a number of others, or in recovering it from any comrade who "scrounged," "found" or "won" it when its owner's back was turned

And at St. Privat, during the terrible battle of Gravelotte, the gun received an honourable scar, a decoration that would have enabled its owner to identify it among a thousand others had he been blind

For when the famous and magnificent Prussian Guard charged the French position and was repulsed with tremendous slaughter, Battreau, suddenly feeling a jarring shock and a blow that knocked him down, found that a German bullet had passed clean through the stock of his rifle.

As neatly as though the work had been done by a cabinet-maker or a highly-skilled carpenter, a neat, clean hole had been drilled through the butt o. 187017.

His beloved gun, that had killed so many of the enemies of his adored country, had saved his life, for the bullet, in passing through the thick wood, had lost so much of its velocity that when it struck Battreau's heavy leather pouch and belt it failed to penetrate to his body, and merely knocked him down with no greater injury than a severe bruise.

Is it to be wondered at that Battreau's affection for his rifle was increased immeasurably, and that he would scarcely have parted with it for its weight in gold?

Throughout the remainder of the Franco-Prussian War, Sergeant Battreau served and suffered, starved, frozen, ragged, often sick and weary unto death, but with 187017 still upon his shoulder as he marched the long, long roads of France.

AT the end of the campaign he was alive, unwounded, and determined to remain in the army as a professional soldier. One can imagine the pride he took in his curiously decorated rifle and the number of times that he told the story of how it got the hole in its butt and saved its owner's life.

One can also imagine the regret with which Sergeant Battreau parted with this "best friend" when the French Army discarded the Chassepôt gun and was re-armed with the Gras rifle.

Poor Battreau made application to be permitted to keep 187017 as his personal property, but his request was refused. Red tape is red tape, and is nowhere ruddier than in the French Army. How could the French Republic be expected to lose the few francs, or even sous, that an old discarded gun might yet be worth, and give it to the man who had carried it so long, fought with it so bravely and killed so many of its enemies?

Could not Sergeant Battreau be permitted to buy it from Madame la *République* at its original cost, or *more?* Certainly not, replied the Red-Tape Worms of the War Office. Whoever heard of such a thing as Madame la République trafficking in old iron? The rifle must be returned to store at once, and with no more idiotic applications from presumptuous and half-witted sergeants.

* * *

But traffic in old iron Madame la République undoubtedly did, and sold the whole discarded consignment to a syndicate of those Christian patriots who supply the ignorant, barbarous and comparatively harmless savage with weapons of precision wherewith he may fight the fellow-countrymen of the said Christian patriots or slay his brother with greater facility and despatch.

THE scene is changed—also the date. It is now the year 1891, and a small French force, headed as usual by a detachment of the French Foreign Legion, is making its way from Porto Novo, in the Bight of Benin on the West Coast of Africa, up the left bank of the river Oueme, with the high hope, firm intention and moderate chance of reaching Abomey, the capital of Behanzin, King of Dahomey.

With this detachment of the French Foreign Legion was one Captain Battreau, formerly a sergeant of the line and now a distinguished officer of the Legion.

Of all Captain Battreau's military experience, this campaign was the worst. As frequently happens in war *the* enemy was almost the least of the enemies to be fought, and whenever the Dahomeyans attacked the little expeditionary force on the march, or in the perimeter camps of their halting places, they were regarded rather as an added nuisance than as the dangerous and murderous enemy that they were.

Far worse than these savages were the terrible heat; the vitiated, steam-laden air; the stifling gloom of the dense impenetrable jungle; virulent malignant fever; the agonising labour of hacking their way through dense pathless jungle at the rate of three miles a day; and almost unbearable thirst.

The torture of thirst was not rendered easier to bear by the knowledge that the force was advancing parallel to the bank of a great river. Although this was only a few miles away, it was as inaccessible, owing to impenetrable jungle, as if it had been in another continent.

ON many a day the force would struggle for hours to cross a mangrove swamp so water-logged and sodden that it was almost impassable, and yet as devoid of visible water as any desert. Here water was an enemy, and turning the ground beneath their feet into slimy mud but added to their sufferings.

Nor was the force allowed, as Captain Battreau humorously remarked, to fight in peace—to fight its way through the terrible swamps and jungle where the overhead foliage was so dense that the rays of the sun never penetrated it.

Without the faintest warning, and at any place or moment, thousands of silent shadows would suddenly materialise from the surrounding jungle and swoop like hawks upon their prey, each shadow a tall savage armed with slashing *coupe-coupe* (or *machête*), sword and spear; or the heavy boding silence of the jungle would be shattered by the sudden heavy volleys, and from both flanks a heavy fire would be poured in at short range upon the struggling men hack-

Next Week:

"The Pearl" by ELINOR MORDAUNT

"The savage . . . fired at Battreau point-blank. As he did so, Battreau pulled the trigger of his revolver . . ."

Illustrated by Greenup

ng their way through the thick bush r stifling elephant grass through hich they pushed blindfold, swallowed p like dogs in a cornfield.

At night, too, when the weary force ank to the ground, too exhausted to at, there was little rest, for, in addi-on to constant heavy sniping, most etermined attacks were made by in-umerable hordes of spearmen, out-umbering the French by thousands.

As usual, whatever the sufferings of he other units, those of the Legion ere greater; for they were in the van; ey blazed the trail, they bore the runt of the frontal attacks, and to em fell the lion's share of camp and ater fatigues and picket and outpost uty.

Always to the fore, leading, en-puraging and heartening his splendid *gionnaires*, was Captain Battreau, dmired, beloved and trusted by his mpany, every man of whom knew m to be a better soldier than him-lf, a man whose word was "Come " rather than "Go on," first in the ght and last to lie down in camp, as reless of his own life as he was care-l of those of his men.

* * *

AND one day happened the in-credible thing, the impossible event, the fact far stranger than any fancy.

The Legion advance-guard, debouch-g one day from the terrible, gloomy ngle, entered an open glade or avannah," and simultaneously came der a tremendously heavy fire from force completely concealed in the ck bush opposite.

"Come on, boys!" yelled Captain ttreau. "Into them with the yonet!" and, drawing his revolver, led the charge of his weary, thirsty, lf-starved men across the open.

The Dahomeyans stood fast, and in few moments spear clashed on bayonet and a fierce hand-to-hand struggle took place. As Captain Battreau, leading, rushed at a tall Dahomeyan, who had just re-loaded his rifle, the savage threw it forward and fired at Battreau point-blank. As he did so, Battreau pulled the trigger of his revolver, and both men fell to the ground, the Dahomeyan, with the revolver bullet through his heart, Battreau untouched.

As he himself afterwards said, he had not the faintest idea as to whether he flung himself down as he saw the muzzle of a rifle pointing straight at his face, or whether he tripped over a tussock of grass, or some such obstacle.

WHAT he did know was that, as he arose, slightly stunned by the explosion, so close to his face, of the heavy rifle, he saw, with no small surprise, that the rifle lying at his feet was a French Chassepôt, complete with bayonet.

Snatching it up as an excellent weapon for use in the hand-to-hand rough-and-tumble into which he was about to dash, his eye fell upon something the sight of which gave him pause, even in that moment of strenuous excitement.

There was a hole through the butt of the rifle!

Swiftly turning it over, Captain Battreau read the number. It was 187017. In the stock was a neat row of tiny holes.

In Captain Battreau's hand was his own rifle—the rifle with which he had fought throughout the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. For a moment the noise of battle all about him was that of Gravelotte, and the fall from which he had just risen was that caused by the blow of a Prussian bullet that had passed through the stock of his rifle before knocking him down.

"I am fey . . . I am mad . . . I am dreaming," said Captain Battreau, and rushed into the fight, wielding once more with deadly effect the weapon that he had wielded more than twenty years before.

There was nothing dream-like, from the Dahomeyan point of view, about this terrible white man, and before long the savages broke and fled, leaving their dead upon the ground; and the survivors of the company triumphed with the feeling of satisfaction that follows a hand-to-hand and man-to-man fight on equal terms, with no advantage from superior weapons. For though disciplined troops armed with a rifle should, and almost always do, defeat a savage enemy, it is quite a different matter when bayonet meets spear and the better man wins.

Captain Battreau set himself down and stared at 187017, still unable to believe the evidence of his senses. But there was no room for doubt. There could not possibly be in the whole world two Chassepôt rifles, each bearing that number, each marked with that record of slain Germans, and each with a bullet-hole drilled through the butt in exactly that spot.

* * *

CAPTAIN BATTREAU again made application for permission to keep the rifle, and this time, as it was no longer the property of Madame la République, this was graciously accorded, and 187017 returned to France in his possession.

This is absolutely true.

The Crackle test

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Hopes of Stardom for the Odd Guinea GIRLS

A film director "trying out" girls to find whose personality "registers" well on the celluloid strip

WARDOUR STREET! Street of magic, of yearning, of desperation and—sometimes, of success.

Wardour Street is the centre of British filmland. Here come the crowding aspirants to screen fame; and here also come the humble workers in the film industry, the film "extras" or small-part men and women.

Film artists are engaged through agents. Their offices are crowded with pretty girls, young lads just grown up, and men and women who seek "character parts." First, the artist registers his or her name, address and telephone number. Also a photograph is filed.

Every morning they flock to the various offices. From eleven to twelve in the morning is the busiest time. You may see them hurry from office to office; or watch them sitting, despondently or hopefully, in the waiting-rooms, or crowded in the corridors.

They are also in the pleasant, spacious rooms of the Film Artists' Guild Club, an organisation which has done such excellent work to raise the status of the "extra."

A pretty girl, the agent will tell you, stands the best chance of a job. She can be used in a ballroom scene, for instance; or, differently made-up and dressed, as a working-girl in a factory scene.

Then there is the elder woman Perhaps she will be required to-day as a white-haired duchess, especially if she is distinguished in features and carriage. Or perhaps, with slop-bucket and mop and shabby bonnet askew, she next appears as a comically mournful charwoman.

Aristocratic plus-fours

The young men may be summoned to appear in plus-fours or tennis flannels at an aristocratic house-party; in evening dress for a banquet scene.

Then there are the elderly men. If one is tall and well set up he may secure the part of an army officer. Or perhaps he is best fitted to be a barrister, a doctor or a family solicitor.

One morning, after a week of fruitless waiting, our young film artist gets an engagement at last. She is no new-comer, let it be remembered. We are speaking of an experienced girl who has worked for a couple of years as an "extra."

"Report at the So-and-so Studio to-morrow morning at nine," she is told. "You must be made-up and ready with a winter coat on. The scene is a big sale in Oxford Street."

And so our girl artist must rise early to get to the studio in time. It is at least an hour's journey: her ticket costs her one-and-sixpence.

But at half-past-eight she is on the spot. At the studio entrance she mentions her name to the porter, who glances at a long list of names, and then nods to her to enter.

Carrying her suit-case and make-up box, she goes to the dressing-room.

It is crowded. There are thirty or more girls there and only room for a dozen. Two girls must make up simultaneously before each mirror.

There are protests to the porter, but that harassed factotum can do nothing. In the heated, overcrowded room they must make up and put on their winter coats.

Then, at nine o'clock to the dot, they go out to the "set." Stars can afford to be late, but not "extra" girls.

Yes, they are on time, but—the set is not yet built. The carpenters are still at work putting up the shop-exterior. It seems that the producer used the same set, or the "lot" where it is to be erected, until late last night. And it won't be ready for another two hours, or even longer.

Hours of waiting

In the meantime, the "extras" must stand by. They must be ready for the call. Usually they dawdle about the corridors and dressing-rooms. Then at twelve o'clock they are called to the set.

But now the electricians must make a start with their lights. They cannot do this until the set is completed. So, "You can all get your lunch now," bawls the assistant-producer.

At two o'clock they begin at last.

The producer arrives, cold and imperturbable, or fussy and fuming, according to his temperament.

But now the camera-man, a very important personage, wants the position of the lights altered.

Finally, however, the scene is played; and, if necessary, played over again, and yet once more. Two or three shots are often taken of the same scene.

The lights are blinding and their heat scorching. And the girls are wearing winter coats!

The actual taking of the scene has occupied half an hour; yet it may now be six or seven o'clock. They can go home.

But before they return to the dressing-room to remove their make-up, they cluster round the assistant producer or the casting manager. They may be needed next day. And they hang on his words.

"We shall want the following people to-morrow," he begins. And then reads out the list of names. That is the moment of suspense; some are required and some not. The lucky ones may get work for several days consecutively: but they never know until each evening whether they will be required on the morrow.

On their way out they present a slip for the day's money, and go home tired out.

A guinea a day is the standard rate for the "extra." From this they must deduct the fare to the studio, and also the agent's commission, which is ten per cent. of their earnings—not just for the first day, but for each day they work on this particular job. He takes ten per cent. a day for having told them to report for a job; or for having sent them a postcard or a telephone message. Not so bad for the agent.

No commission

This business of the agents' commission is an evil which must be fought in the profession. A splendid start has been made by the Film Artists' Guild.

The Guild itself acts as agent, and engages artists; but charges them no commission. Some film studios engage all their artists through the Guild.

So, after deducting fare and agent's commission, our "extra" earns about seventeen shillings per day—when she works.

If she, or he, is lucky, there may be three days' work in one week. But it may be a fortnight before the next chance turns up.

Even if she be among the most fortunate, and works on one film for two or three weeks, even then all her salary is not gain. For she must provide her own dresses: walking costumes, ball dresses, sports clothes, and so on. She must provide her own make-up: and make-up is dear.

If you are really lucky, you are picked out for a "close up." Just one little close-up: perhaps a sly old gentleman winking leeringly while the beautiful heroine dances in the cabaret: and that sly wink is worth thirty shillings to him, instead of the miserable guinea he expected to earn.

If you get a part, just a tiny little part, the very smallest, in which you walk alone across a room and speak (mutely) to the hero or the villain, you may earn £2 10s. for your day's work.

And, into the bargain, you get a sleepless night—too happy for sleep: wondering whether this means more parts to come; whether you have not at last left the weary rough way of "extra" work, and placed the tips of your toes upon the bottom rung of the ladder of stardom.

Lives of struggle

Yet there is joy as well as sorrow and weariness in the winking world of the films.

But we must remember that there are always scores, and sometimes thousands, of extras to every actor with a part. And it is these extras, the proletariat of filmland, who deserve our sympathy and our understanding.

There is no glory for them: their names are unknown. They lead anonymous lives of struggle and hope and effort.

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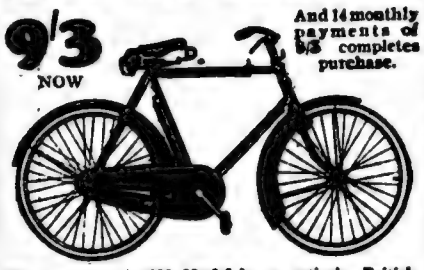

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Sport Plants BAWBEES in the Heather

The truth about those "Ruined" Highlands

by J. WENTWORTH DAY

Grouse shooting from a butt on a Scottish moor. Every cartridge fired brings money to the Highlands

"GROUSE shooting!" said the youth with the untidy nails. "Bah!" And he spat.

"Do you know," he demanded, "that this grouse shooting you say you are going to Scotland for is the greatest curse the country has known since William the Conqueror made the New Forest into a deer park?"

"Do you know that millions of acres of Scotland which could be fertile farms or thriving woods are barren moors to-day just to suit the whim of a few millionaires and landowners. The Highlands are a desert and the Highlanders are all flunkeys—victims of this degeneracy you call Sport."

I met this hot-gospeller at a Chelsea studio, and sowed the whirlwind by observing that a friend had asked me up to Argyll to shoot grouse and woodcock.

His beliefs, however, are a common fallacy—even though they do not make all believers spit.

Scotland comprises 19,459,000 acres, of which over 3,500,000 acres are occupied by deer forests alone. Practically as much again is occupied by grouse moors, salmon rivers and trout lochs—seven million acres of land and water given up to sport! It is an appalling total.

Small wonder that those who have never seen a deer park or a grouse moor in their lives jump to the conclusion that millions of acres which could support families and grow wheat have been laid waste for sport.

THESE critics of sport forget—or do not know—that four-fifths of the rateable value of the Highlands is provided by sporting rates, that vast areas of land on which the average depth of soil is only four to six inches now command shooting rents which are twelve times as great as those paid by sheep farmers in the last century.

Many a Highland village depends for its prosperity on the money and employment given in the summer and autumn by the wealthy shooting tenants whom deer and grouse have lured from London and the United States.

It is nothing for a wealthy American to pay £100 for every stag he fires at—whether he misses or hits—and it is nothing for him to sign a cheque which represents £50 for every salmon caught, and a couple of sovereigns or more for every grouse shot.

These high rents mean that land which is unfit for corn and too poor to carry even timber, now has such a value that its rates provide four-fifths of the public money spent in the Highlands on roads, education, water supply, poor law, and the rest.

Compare this picture of present-day prosperity—a picture which any tourist can see for himself—with the Scottish Highlands as they were a century ago, when a sportsman might wander through the hills and hire 50,000 acres for a ten-pound note.

In those days the Highlander lived in a butt-and-ben. This was a two-roomed hut of turves and heather, with an earthen floor, no windows, and a hole in the roof for the smoke to go out.

The great new pipe lines of the Fort William electricity scheme, which will soon light up every Highland home

The whole family dwelt in this dark and noisome hole, little better than a burrow in the ground. They shared its shelter with pigs, geese, ducks, hens and an odd sheep or lamb.

You may still see such dismal homes here and there in the Western Isles.

You may judge of the value of the land on which these miserable dwellings were built when I tell you that at the sale of the Leverhulme properties in the island of Lewis some five or six years ago, my godfather, Mr. Edward Valpy, bought the estate of Galsen, *fifty-two thousand acres*, for £500—2½d. an acre!

That was because Galsen was like early nineteenth-century Scotland—inaccessible, unknown, carrying but few deer and grouse, and unable in most seasons to pay its way.

BUT had the estate been on the mainland, say in Perth, carrying a large head of dear, with grouse, black-game and the rest, it would have been sold not for £500, but for £100,000.

That is how sport has increased a hundredfold the value of Highland rock and moor—the poorest land in Britain.

The modern Highlander has a clean, spotless, white-walled cottage, with four or more rooms, a garden, and a good road up to his gate.

Sport has done more than any other factor to bring about this emancipation of the once almost destitute Highlander.

It has brought money and employment to barren hillsides and dark glens where formerly whole families starved in the long winters. It has brought good roads and better railways.

Sportsmen who have read the classics of St. John and Scrope, Colonel Thornton and Maxwell, remember their vivid descriptions of the poverty and squalor, the eternal fight with starvation, the daily menu of oatmeal and water, the fear of winter, and the appalling conditions of domestic life in those eighteenth-century days.

WHAT, if not sport, has changed all that?

Mr. Lloyd George, at the height of his land campaign in 1918, declared, at Swindon and Bedford, that the Highlands had been depopulated, and whole villages wiped out in order that deer and grouse might flourish.

He demanded that this land should be returned to the people to grow corn once more.

The result was that the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Ewing Gilmour and other Scottish landowners offered him one million acres at the ridiculously low price of £2 an acre—prairie value.

Here was Mr Lloyd George's chance to make the Highlands blossom like the rose, to change deer forest into cornfield, grouse moor into garden city, to make the State the owner and the landlord a memory.

Mr. Lloyd George refused that chance; and by refusing it admitted that he was utterly wrong.

HE had never been on a deer forest in his life. He did not know that snow lay on many of the hills six months of the year, that over three million acres of deer forest and moor lay more than 1,000 feet above sea-level, that trees were the last thing you ever found in a Highland "forest," that sheep, grouse and deer were the only things that would flourish on these savage wastes.

But he soon found it out. Since then we have had no more demands for the "re-population" of the Highlands.

To-day the Highlands of Scotland, thanks to sport, are more prosperous than ever before in the history of that country.

They attract men of wealth who, but for the deer and grouse, would spend their wealth elsewhere, and soon, thanks to the Grampian Electricity Scheme, there will not be a village or a Lodge on the mainland of Scotland which is not lit and heated by electricity.

The scheme may to a certain extent ruin the beauty of certain spots and even depreciate the sporting values of certain properties. But, broadly considered, its effects will be all for the betterment of life and work in the Highlands—the wilderness of hill and moor that was transformed by gun and rod from stark poverty to prosperity.

Mother's Help!

Mother remembers how Nestlé's Milk first suited Peter; how it cleared all that dreadful digestive trouble away—and how he came on, on Nestlé's, and never looked back. And so Mother put the second and third on to Nestlé's Milk right away—as a matter of course.

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Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 22.

'It's clearing up nicely, Mum!'

—says Mrs. Rawlins

"I'll get my flannels out straight away and my white things are boiling lovely. I've got everything I could ask for now, Mum. Reckitt's Blue in my rinsin' water. That will keep my white things as white as you can call white. Folks often say to me, 'You're faddy about white, Mrs. Rawlins' and I may as well own I am, but Reckitt's Blue gives it me as I want it. And then I've my Robin Starch. If I was to stand here talking longer than I've time for, I couldn't tell you what a b'ess-ing Robin has been to those that 'as their heart in their work — easy mixed — making your iron fair 'um along and giving you a finish you can nearly see your face in."

RECKITT'S BLUE

AND

ROBIN *Starch*

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Hall's Wine 'NEVER FAILS'

The following letter is further proof that Hall's Wine never fails to do good:—

"I have found Hall's Wine do me more good than anything else. I have used it now for this last eight years. I am suffering from a strained heart through overwork several years ago. I tell all my friends I believe your Hall's Wine has saved my life."—MRS. B. ROPER, 12, Granville Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.

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LARGE BOTTLE 5/6 SMALLER SIZE 3/3

For over 35 years Hall's Wine has been the Supreme Restorative in

Anæmia
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Weariness
and all run-down conditions.

HALL'S WINE IS THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that relieves Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Relief, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon.

BROOKS APPLIANCE Co. Ltd.
(468F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(468F), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.
Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Relief of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....
Please write plainly .....

Wonderful Value

The All-British "MARVEL" is recognised everywhere as the world's biggest cycle bargain. First-class materials, workmanship and finish. Hard-wearing, light and easy-running. Fully warranted. Cash or easy terms from

2/6 DOWN

Sent packed free and carriage paid. Money refunded in full if not absolutely satisfied. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue of 20 new models, and particulars of 15 Days Free Trial.

Prices from

£3 19 6 CASH

Mead

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BILE BEANS for LIVER & STOMACH

In sealed boxes 1/3 (40 pills) and 3/- (120 pills).

The SINGING TERROR

Roll your Eyes for a Top Note

This isn't a bogus music master, but just a film star's husband disapproving of her top notes

CYNICAL but true is the saying that teaching is often the last refuge of the bad or ruined singer. Before a man or woman begins to teach the instruments of the orchestra, he or she must at least have an intimate knowledge of them and be able to play with ease.

But no such qualifications are demanded of the singing teacher. She may never have been able to sing, and often is an artist who lost her voice through misuse.

Is it not amazing that pupils will flock to a woman who cannot explain why her own voice disappeared?

Physicians whose task it is to heal the body and keep it healthy are not allowed to practise without a licence, but teachers whose task it is to look after the most delicate musical instrument of all, the human voice, need have no other qualifications than a grand manner, a glib tongue and a gift for self-advertisement!

Barbarous

The ignorant and barbarous methods of some teachers must make the intelligent musician wonder that they have any pupils at all.

One American lady once passed through the hands of fourteen such teachers.

A bonâ-fide voice-trial showed that the efforts of her many teachers had resulted in a serious condition of the throat muscles.

One teacher had given her a small wire cage. He called it a phonatone, and sold it to his pupils for a guinea.

The idea of the instrument was apparently to keep the mouth open and the tongue down, but as no two mouths are of the same shape, and some people cannot open their mouths as wide as others, it was not difficult to imagine the agonies suffered by the pupils of this charlatan.

Some people feel sick if anything touches the back of their tongue, and a maid was always in attendance at singing lessons with a glass of water and smelling salts to revive a fainting student.

Nearly manslaughter

Equally barbarous was an instrument used by another teacher. In order to keep the tongue down when singing he used to fix a piece of lead on the end, and his pupil must have suffered agonies from cramp and thirst.

One day, of course, the inevitable happened, and a lady pupil swallowed the lead. There followed a series of operations, and only the skill of the doctors saved the teacher from appearing before a judge and jury.

Some teachers can be compared only with the purveyors of quack medicines. One such man sold tubes of what he was pleased to call amoniaphone at 5s. each.

They were supposed to contain compressed Italian air, and if you breathed this, he said, you would naturally get an Italian voice.

Another teacher sold Italian water on the same theory; but perhaps the most amusing of these was one who (some years ago, of course) used to tell his pupils that you could not sing without proper corsets. His wife was waiting in an ante-room to give a first fitting.

Many of the men and women who set up as experts have not the least idea how the human voice is produced. They probably do not know the position of the larynx, and some seem hazy about whether we should sing out of our mouths, our noses, our eyes or our ears.

One teacher actually instructed his pupils to roll their eyes in certain ways so as to produce top notes, while another claimed that the secret of singing was to use not the larynx, but the nose. It would have been amusing to be present when he sang without his larynx.

Some of the methods of singing taught by ignorant individuals anxious to make an impression would be amusing if they did not have such tragical results.

One man used to instruct his pupils to "wash each note," and it must have been a comical sight to watch a class, each pupil with a basin of water, singing a note and then washing it.

All these methods must result in damaging the voice, and many have far more grievous results.

A Manchester girl sold her all in order to come to London for singing lessons. Unfortunately she went to a teacher whose method included some extraordinary breathing exercises on the floor.

Ruined health

In a week she complained of pain, but he bullied her into continuing. Eventually she became so bad that she had to give up singing.

The strenuous breathing exercises had damaged her kidneys, and she never again enjoyed good health.

It would be difficult to say how many great voices are ruined every year by faulty teaching.

What happens to the hundreds of enthusiastic and gifted pupils who start, sometimes make a brilliant *début* and are heard of no more?

Some retire for domestic reasons, some are lazy, but the majority fail because they lose their voices.

There is no need for a singer to lose her voice after a few years on the platform.

It all comes down to the old truth. There are only two methods of singing, the good and the bad.

The bad can be detected at once. It is usually freakish, often hurts, and never results in a beautiful voice.

Lost for ever

The good is easy, causes no physical distress, and results in a voice that is a joy to hear and is produced without apparent effort.

Many tragedies could doubtless be told of lost voices, of singers who at the height of their careers have suddenly found themselves unable to sing a note, of gifted girls who have spent their all on lessons, only to find that they could produce nothing above a hoarse whisper.

Surely those who undertake to train such a delicate instrument as the voice should be made to show some knowledge of the throat and mouth, and only the properly qualified should be allowed to practise?

Only one thing is stranger than the methods of many teachers—that is the credulity of their pupils

The woman who FLIRTED with FIRE

PEERING under the bed for a lost article, lighted candle in hand, the flames brush the bedclothes. In a twinkling there is a raging fire.

Many fires have occurred in JOHN BULL homes through readers carelessly using a candle or lighted match, especially for looking for something under the bed or in a cupboard.

Don't risk it. Play for safety first always.

(Issued by the JOHN BULL Fire Insurance Department in the interests of Safety First.)

Thirst man out!

And he's won thirst prize for a record thirst-wicket stand. It's lager! It's more than lager—the name is Barclay's. The best of the best summer drink! So when you yourself have a fiery-wicket thirst, make for the nearest marquee and absorb a Barclay's. There's Barclay's light and Barclay's dark, both long cool potations, top-notchers both on any day.

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark — the drink for a lordly thirst

"ALL POSITION" C.A.V. NON-SPILLABLE

FOR ALL PORTABLE RECEIVERS

The introduction of the C.A.V. "All Position" Jelled-Acid Battery has removed, once and for all, the consideration of battery position in Portable Set design. No longer is it necessary to ponder over the various positions in which the set may be placed, for with this battery it may be used in any position with perfect safety, for any length of time, and with the assurance that no acid will be spilt. All parts of the plates are always surrounded by Electrolyte, a condition which is impossible in a battery containing free acid. It is therefore the only class of battery which will give its full rated capacity at any angle.

The C.A.V. Battery is recommended to home constructors of Portable Receivers by "Amateur Wireless" and "Wireless Magazine," and has the approval of leading portable set manufacturers. Additional sizes have recently been added to our range, enabling us to meet the requirements of all portable set manufacturers, from whom enquiries are invited.

Obtainable from your local dealer and C.A.V. Battery Service Agents.

Write for descriptive folder Q.B.

The electrolyte in C.A.V. non-spillable batteries differs from all previously known jelled-acid electrolytes in so far that it is not a solid mass but possesses a cohesive honeycomb-like structure, whereby free distribution of the gases in evolved during charge and discharge is ensured.

This class of battery is the result of lengthy and intensive research in our laboratories; it overcomes the difficulty of total plate immersion in all positions, an essential feature with all portable receivers of the enclosed type.

C.A.V. Accumulator Co. Ltd.
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R.T.2. EIGHT VERNIER.
The most perfectly designed R.T. Unique by the most famous Radio Manufacturers.
90 volts, 9,000-milliamp hrs. 55/
90 AND 99 VOLTS, ALSO SUPPLIED.

"ACTON GLASS" L.T.
The most popular L.T. range of unrivalled value and offered in all capacities. Also obtainable in celluloid containers.

DRAGES FURNITURE ON NO DEPOSIT TERMS

To every approved account Drages guarantee to send carriage paid any article chosen directly the one instalment is paid. The balance of the account is paid by similar monthly instalments.

Sidney Drages
Chairman, Drages, Ltd.

SHERBORNE GROUP

Charming Dark Oak Dining Room Suite in solid Oak. 4 ft Sideboard with two drawers and two cupboards, £3:19:6. Gate-leg Table, 4 ft. by 3 ft., £4:2:6 Four small Chairs with rexine seats, £6:10:6. Very comfortable Easy Chair in choice rexine, £6:4:0

GROUP COMPLETE £23:10:0

SEND 10/- ONLY.

10/- Monthly After.

DURHAM GROUP

Very pretty Bedroom Suite, suitable for small room. Soundly constructed in Dark Oak. Wardrobe fitted with hanging rod. Dressing Table with two deep drawers and mirror and Dressing Chest with large cupboard and one chair. Suite £14:15:0.

4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead, £3:12:6, or complete with spring mattress, overlay, feather bolster and two pillows, £9:10:6.

GROUP COMPLETE £24:10:0

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OXFORD GROUP

Choice Drawing Room Group, consisting of Mahogany finished Cabinet £3:15:0. 7-piece Settee Suite, £18:18:0. Large Settee, 2 well-upholstered EasyChairs and 4 drop-in seat Small Chairs, all finished Mahogany. Also Louis Mahogany-finished Fancy Table £1:12:6

PRICE £23:12:6

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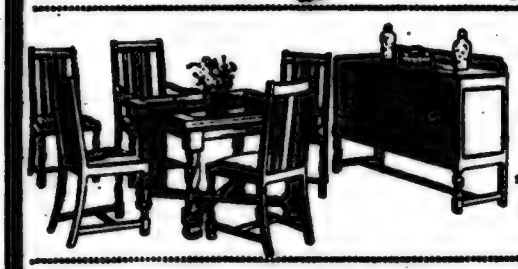
ALBANY GROUP



Beautiful Dark Oak Dining Room Group, comprising 3 ft. Sideboard in Oak, 3 drawers and 2 cupboards, Dining Table, 3 ft. by 3 ft. closed, 5 ft. by 3 ft. extended, 4 small and 1 carving chair, rexine drop-in seats,

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LAVETTE CABINET

"Goldenphone" Series. Beautiful Oak-finished Cabinet, Record Cupboard, Powerful British made Motor, "Grandtone" Soundbox. Height 2 ft. 11 in., Width 1 ft. 4 in. Britain's Best Gramophone Value.

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A "Goldenphone" Model Oak finish, Record Cupboard, 12 in. turn-table, Powerful British-made Motor, "Grandtone" Sound Box. Height 3 ft. 2 in., Width 1 ft. 3 in. Depth 1 ft. 6 in.

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Cut out and post in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope to DRAGES LTD., 230, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Open from 9—6.30 (including Saturdays). Close Thursdays 1 p.m.
Next door to Holborn Tube Station. 'Phone: Holborn 3655

FROM
Varicose Veins
TO
Beautiful Legs!

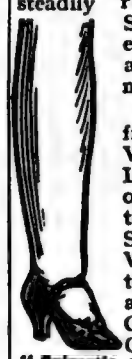
DANGER, DISCOMFORT AND UNSIGHTLINESS BANISHED!

Wonderful New "Spirastic Supports" ON APPROVAL!

Old-fashioned Elastic Stockings and Unsightly and Ineffective Bandages have been superseded by the wonderful invention of Mr. D. M. Cooper—the well-known Surgical Appliance Manufacturer. At last it is now possible for sufferers to obtain a Permanent Cure from this distressing and *Perilous* Condition and to dispense with the ugly and unbeautiful makeshifts of a former generation. "Spirastic Supports" are anatomically correct in design and fit with the comfort and perfection of a kid glove. There are no unsightly and dangerous seams to further irritate the swollen veins. No bandages to get out of place and cause embarrassment—the limbs are made slender instead of bulging awkwardly.

"Spirastic Supports" last at least three times as long as ordinary Elastic Stockings and are invisible in wear—even under the finest silk stockings. They do not wrinkle or slip, always give Perfect Support and, by steadily reducing the Swollen Veins, eventually bring about a Permanent Cure.

Varicose Veins are not only DANGEROUS but also Unsightly — "Spirastic Supports" restore the limb to normal.



"Spirastic Supports" slenderise Swollen Limbs and give *real* sustaining support.

If YOU Suffer from:—Varicose Veins, Swollen Legs, Weak Knees or Ankles, Phlebitis, Pain when Standing or Walking, etc., take *immediate* advantage of Mr. Cooper's Generous ON APPROVAL OFFER and be free from the terrible danger of Burst Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, etc.

Bandages are ineffective and ugly—there is no need for YOU to go about like this.

This illustration shows how Limbs distorted and misshapen by Varicose Veins, etc., are restored to symmetrical proportions and beauty by "Spirastic Supports," which completely abolish Pain and are invisible in wear.

Mrs. Rees, 8, Graig Street, Pontygwaith, Rhondda, writes:—"I have now given your 'Spirastic Support' a thorough trial and I cannot speak too highly of its excellent qualities. It has given me great relief—in fact I am cured. I could not, if I tried, find any adverse criticism, and all you say of your 'Spirastic Support' is true. So sure am I about this that you can use my name and report me as a satisfied user."

Write to-day (a postcard will do) to Mr. D. M. Cooper, Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, 15, 17 and 19, Vine Street, Clerkenwell (S.279), London, E.C.1, for full Free Particulars of this Astounding Invention.

D. M. Cooper Ltd.

"Vengeance is Mine . ."

is the worst motto for human happiness

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Here you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "Humanist" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

TWO years ago a girl, charming and well bred, came to our village on holiday. We met, and although I was only a labourer in my twenties we formed an intimate friendship.

We spent a good deal of time together, and finally spoke of the love we felt for each other.

My parents, who are beset by extreme poverty, were treated with great gentleness by this girl, though I thought their manner rather standoffish whenever we went in together.

But the moment I was alone with them the storm burst. They were violently opposed to my regard for my sweetheart and curtly ordered me to have nothing more to do with her.

This girl, they said, was the daughter of my father's one-time business partner. They went on to tell me a shocking story of this man's treachery and wrongdoing; duplicity that had led to my own father's ruin.

The story hurt me, for I knew that my mother had been brought up to a life of independent ease and that her married life at first had been affluent. But I never before knew the reason for her sudden fall to a life of poverty.

Her resentment against the daughter of the man who had achieved my father's ruin was so marked that I had to tell my girl the cause.

She insisted upon cutting short her holiday and going at once to her father to ask him to confirm or deny the truth. Alas! he could not deny. He confessed that he, too, was tortured by the memory of the past, but now that he knew my parents' present whereabouts he would do his best to make amends.

This he thought would be best accomplished through myself. He therefore offered me a post in his present business at a salary which is more than generous.

If I took the offer, he told his daughter, I should be in a position to marry, maintain my wife comfortably, and to help my parents.

I snatched at the offer, but my parents declared that the man and his money were accursed, and they would have none of it.

If I accepted this offer they would never wish to see me again. I wrote to my sweetheart to tell her and received no reply.

Now I learn that she had written many times and her letters have all been burned unopened. She is making herself ill over my silence.

Whose heart am I to break, my sweetheart's or my mother's?

"HUMANIST" says: Those capable of such implacable resentment are unlikely to sink through sorrow.

I am all for you and the girl, deeming it idiotic to blight the present generation with grudges of the last.

Take your new job, marry and be happy, and if your parents refuse to rejoice that is not your concern.

STOLEN BIRTHRIGHT:

Shall she prosecute?

WHEN my father died he willed his money to be divided equally among my two sisters, my brother and myself. The others had their share as soon as all was realised, but mine was left in trust with my brother until I came of age a few months later.

My brother has a business and occupies a prominent public position.

However, when I should have received my portion he admitted that he had invested it in his business and that as soon as times improved he would give me back the lump sum.

The months have dragged into years, but his promise has not been kept. At last I hinted that this year, should no money arrive, I would put the matter into other hands.

This action brought immediate response. I received a small instalment, but with it came a most pitiful appeal for leniency.

My brother makes no secret of having had my money in trust nor of the fact that, far from investing it, he has spent it. His debts, he says, are all due to his wife's love of finery.

Despite his assertions that he cannot pay, I have proof that he is doing well, and I know that he is trading on my sisterly affection to protect him.

I want my money, but I do not want to ruin my brother. How can I force his hand and prevent the miserable business from becoming public?

"HUMANIST" says: You can't. Doing away with trust money is a serious offence, and your brother would incur grave risk of punishment should you sue him for its recovery.

Therefore you will be compelled to decide for yourself whether your love for your erring brother or desire for your legacy is stronger.

MUST HE BETRAY

his pal?

A FEW years ago a man came to live near me in a house across the way. From being merely neighbourly we became firm friends.

When I fell out of work he showed me every kindness. In his own leisure hours he took me hundreds of miles on his motor-cycle to search for work.

When coal was scarce he kept our fire going from his own cellar.

Recently he left the neighbourhood, and then disagreeable facts leaked out.

Tradespeople far and near had been given the slip. The motor-cycle had never been paid for, and food was obtained on credit from one grocer after another as each grew impatient for a settlement.

Now all these people are pestering me to divulge his new address.

I believe he is in a position to pay, but he was a good friend to me, and I think it seems mean to set them on his track after all his kindness. What should I do?

"HUMANIST" says: I can sympathise with you. We none of us like to play the informer against our friends. But you must think of the tradespeople to whom your friend has acted dishonourably.

Write to him and try to persuade him to pay up, telling him that if he fails, you are in honour bound to strive to pay back the debts yourself, as indeed you are.

HUSBAND-SNATCHER

and a temporary gentleman

I BACKED up my affection for my husband with sheer hard work, so that I have got together a comfortable home. I urged him, too, to make the best of himself until he has secured a good position. All this accomplished, I now find myself neglected for younger women.

For over a year he has carried on an intrigue with a girl of eighteen.

When they cannot meet, they correspond, and I find left about for me to read letters to my husband from this girl, signed "Darling Wife."

When I remonstrated, he smacked my face and cursed the existence of the babies.

He now wishes me to set him free to marry this girl. I have refused.

Please tell me what to do.

"HUMANIST" says: Invoke the aid of some intimate friend, perhaps the vicar of your parish, to talk to your husband as man to man.

Plain speaking might pull the blinkers from his eyes and show him his conduct in its true light of a ridiculous amour, shaking him back to sanity.

Homely Wisdom

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Crucifixion

I HAVE received a letter which I cannot help thinking about.

It comes from a village in Suffolk, and the writer describes herself as a poor and middle-aged woman with no near relatives.

She tells me she suffers ceaseless torture from an incurable disease which is gradually wearing her down; but what depresses her even more is the thought that there is no one to care very much about what happens to her, and that prayer to God seems useless.

No answer comes, no lessening of pain, no hope of better things.

She wants to know if there is anything I can say about this which might help her to bear her burden and perhaps help others too. Is there any solace available for such as she?

* * *

Here once again we have a question which human beings have been asking for thousands of years, this question of the mystery of hopeless and apparently useless suffering in a world that contains so many fine and beautiful things.

God is evidently, as Dean Inge says, interested in more things than human conduct. He is not merely concerned with distinctions between right and wrong, with rewarding the one and punishing the other.

The order of Nature proves that the sheer enjoyment of life is one of its objects, and no one can study the wonders of Creation without coming to the conclusion that the Power that produced it must be capable of appreciating the value of beauty of form, and colour, and sound.

Yet, on the other hand, we are confronted with so much that is horrible and vile. Did the same Power make that?

My own belief is that He did mean us to make some acquaintance with pain, but that He did not mean us to endure so much evil as has come our way.

* * *

Jesus Christ seems to have taught this, for He attributed the darker side of life to human perverseness and to other spiritual powers in rebellion against God.

To believe this helps me in my own look upon life. It is a great strength to know that God is on our side in everything we have to bear and will in the end deliver us from it.

Further, I have discovered one blessed thing in life which has been a light on my path for many years. It is this: both pain of body and sorrow of mind can consist with a considerable amount of happiness.

This might seem impossible, but it is the simple truth. Some of the happiest people I know are great sufferers, and set a fine example of cheerful kindliness to all about them. Truly:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

HARDING'S INVALID CARS

Hand-driven also Motor and Electrically propelled, from £12 Carr. Paid. Bath Chairs, Merlin Chairs, Stair Carrying and Folding Chairs, from 4½/-
CATALOGUE FREE
R. A. HARDING
1 Manvers St., Bath

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." ...Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (83 N.T.), London, W.1.

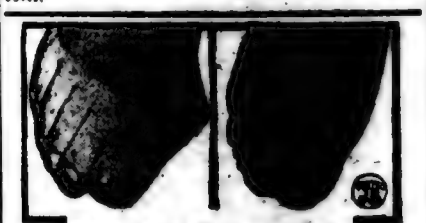
SHOULD A PARENT TELL?

A straight talk from a Father or Mother about the essential facts of life, Social Hygiene, and dangers to health, often unknown to young people, is the best safeguard parents can provide.

Thousands of responsible persons — PARENTS, TEACHERS, WELFARE WORKERS, CLERGY, etc.—have already been supplied with the means of enlightening children on the facts of life and the dangers of ignorance in sexual matters, a subject which must be dealt with in a tactful way.

If you desire any Advice, write to the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free, at this address, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 6.30 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for parents, 1s. 4d. the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1s. 3d. the set. All post free in plain cover.



BUNIONS

QUICK RELIEF IN 12 HOURS

I cure bunions for ever with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.

TRY IT AT MY RISK.

Just send your name and address, no money, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. No obligations.—Address:
KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. A7-B.
201, Shepherd Street, E. Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

£500 AWARDED in "John Bull" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 23

The only correct solution in Crossword Competition No. 23 was that received from:—

Mr. R. H. Rowe, The Lilacs, Bromyard, Worcs.,

to whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be dispatched.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 32.

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CADBURY'S HOLIDAY CHOCOLATE

with almonds & raisins

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This Magnificent DOUBLE Gift FREE!

If you are not already a reader of "The Passing Show" and will undertake to give it a trial for ten consecutive weeks, we will present to you absolutely free a double gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-Filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen fitted with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Send for a Gift Voucher on which to qualify for this magnificent double gift by filling in the coupon below and post it in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. All applications must have a halfpenny stamped addressed envelope for reply.

POST THIS FORM TO-DAY

To: "Passing Show," Dept. J. 5,
12-16, Wilson Street, London, W.C.2.

I wish to qualify for your Double Gift of a 10/6 Razor Set and 5/- Lever Self Filling Pen. Please send me a Gift Voucher. I enclose addressed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Name .....

Address .....

..... 17-8-29

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(Dept. J.B.),
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The GREATEST LIVING BRITON

THE man who has earned this title contains all the best British qualities, and remains a man of the people.

He has consistently used his high position for the furtherance of his country's good.

He is in complete understanding and harmony with his countrymen; and the assets of friendliness, sympathy and co-operation, with all classes, thus entailed, have gained him the love of all.

He, more than any other, interprets and typifies the British desire for peace universal.

He is head of the House of Windsor.

Gentlemen—the King!—*A. E. McKeswick, Newcastle.*

Up!

He is self-made, self-taught, but not self-satisfied.

Repairing cycles brought him his first meagre living. He studied, saved and experimented; he produced a motor-car.

Now almost every other car one sees bears his name—each one a link in the ever-lengthening chain of that British industry which he founded and which he has maintained and improved.

The King never pleased the British public more than when he made him Sir William Morris.—*William Holt, Doncaster.*

Lord Balfour

What about Lord Balfour? Though over eighty everybody is a pigmy in brain-power beside him.

His keen mind, wide vision, intuitive instinct and power of assimilation are amazing. As a philosopher he is world-famous.

To-day, this tall, frail man, a gentleman, cultured, with the atmosphere of distinction about him, is held in the highest esteem by persons of all parties and creeds.—*Miss B. Delamere, Liverpool.*

The Chief Scout

"B. P." is the greatest of us all, because of the ripe experience, intense patriotism, energy, and loyalty which he personifies.

He has already surpassed the League of Nations in bringing about the genesis of an international brotherhood.

His "Cubs" become "Wolves," his "Wolves" become "Scouts," and his "Scouts" become disciplined, tolerant and broad-minded citizens, who already know more sensible ways of settling disputes than by war and slaughter.

May he live long to witness the fuller development of his great ideals.—"*Deep Sea*," *London, W.1.*

"Our" Prince

Without doubt the Prince of Wales is the greatest living Briton after the King. In an age when kings are at a discount, he holds the good will of all classes.

He is the personification of manliness to all admirers of clean manhood. The promise of being an ideal ruler lies in his keen interest in all economic problems.

His humanity and feeling are famous the world over.—*A. H., London, S.W.8.*

G. B. S.

His analytical mind strips all the shams from life, and shows us the real gold. He knows war for what it is and is not fascinated by party parrot-cries.

Though his wit and levity give an artificial touch to his teaching, George Bernard Shaw has propounded eternal truths, which have brought him unpopularity.—*C. W. Morton, Birkenhead.*

True Greatness

I have seen and heard the greatest political orators of the age; the most eloquent preachers of the country; the astutest lawyers in practice; and some of the keenest men in business, but the greatest living Briton I know is a poor country parson.

The public seldom hear of him; the Press never booms him; he will never be known to posterity, because all his good deeds are done by stealth.

He has no capital, for he has given all to the poor. Money to him is only the means to an end—to end someone's trouble.

The poor and needy worship him. That is greatness!—*Elias Evans, Rhondda.*

Premier Ramsay

Ramsay MacDonald is the greatest living Briton.

This is the age of democracy, and he is the truest representative of the new power.

Born in a poor Scottish home, he has risen from obscurity to the first place in the State by the force of native grit, hard work, brain power and personality.

For twenty years I have watched the career of this popular leader, and I believe that his ideas on peace, social evolution and the struggles of the people for a new economic order represent the noblest aspirations of modern life.—*R. C., Bournville.*

Prince of Clowns

In the midst of the welter of blood and mud he made us laugh, and forget. To-day he is still the sure cure for the blues.

He is a dramatic artist; because he makes his appeal to human sympathies, the laughter he provokes is never far removed from tears.

The man who is best known to and most loved by the common people of all lands is Charlie Chaplin.—*W. J., Dumbartonshire.*

The Welsh Wizard

I have never heard or seen Lloyd George; but the way he worked for this country during the war displayed the real greatness of the man.

That he is a plain "Mr." to-day is no doubt his own "fault"—honours could have been had for the asking, but he ignored them—and that shows the independence of his character.—*C. Williams, Hull.*

He's Great

Edgar Wallace's prolific output of stories, with their widespread appeal to the stage, kinema, and reading public has checked the encroachment of cheap foreign literature, and "un-British" ideology, into this country; he has exposed the evil workings of the social underworld, and has stimulated the spirit of moral uprightness.

His writings have, additionally, inspired a universal respect for that much abused but invaluable organisation the police, and this latter factor alone is a powerful plea for the title of Briton's Greatest.—*J. Ross, Glasgow.*

The Great Adventurer

Lawrence of Arabia is the greatest living Briton; a man whose name at once suggests sterling qualities and power of achievement.

His genius and intrepidity in winning and controlling some of the most independent tribes on earth stamps "Aircraftsman Shaw" as an uncrowned king, not only of Arabia, but amongst men of all nations.—"*Salaam*," *Flints.*

Sir Oliver Lodge

Sir Oliver Lodge has done more than all the clergy to bring science and religion together.

By sound scientific reasoning he has convinced thousands of people, who would otherwise be doubtful, that there is a life beyond, and that death is not the end.—*J. B. K., Bradford.*

• • •

Letters in Little

The greatest living Briton is Dick Sheppard, the Bishop of Broadcasting.—*Listener, Cardiff.*

The boys, old and young, who have attended the Jamboree, are living monuments to the great idea of Britain's greatest man.—*T. H., Durham.*

With the discovery of the malaria-carrying mosquito, Sir Ronald Ross has placed himself in the forefront of the great men of to-day.—*A. E. R., Liverpool.*

Prebendary Carlile, the founder of the Church Army. His great work has been the means of reclaiming thousands of derelicts on the stream of life.—*Mrs. E. Usher, Birmingham.*

Jack Tar is the greatest living Briton, and he will live for ever.—"*Trebia*," *Cardiff.*

Robert Blatchford is the finest specimen of Briton living to-day.—*J. R., Hants.*

Sir John Simon stands out as a shining example of the highest statesmanship. He is a man who values honour above all else.—*R. D. B., Devon.*

This Briton has strength, beauty, cleverness and all the virtues. Everyone he comes in contact with pays him homage. He was born three weeks ago.—*A. A., Dundee.*

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 20.

I Wish I Hadn't Posted that Letter.

Race with "Silver Ring"

WINNERS at WINDSOR

R. C. DAWSON, who presides over the powerful Whatcombe stable, is almost certain to head the list of winning trainers for 1929.

At the moment of writing he has won over £42,000 in stake money, and his nearest rival, F. Darling, has only £29,000 to his credit.

The Irish trainer owes his success mainly to his Irish-bred horses, Trigo, Athford and Parwiz, but, as usual, the Aga Khan's juveniles have played a big part.

Small fish are sweet, and I expect to see "Dick" Dawson add to his winning score at Windsor, for he seldom comes away from the Berkshire meeting empty-handed. I shall code any of the Whatcombe horses that I know to be fancied.

Dawson's rise to fame commenced shortly after the war, when the Indian Prince entrusted him with the care of his horses and commenced to pay fabulous prices for yearlings, but many of these golden purchases have turned out great disappointments.

I do not think that Feridoon, who cost 17,000 gns., ever raced before being shipped to France.

Farman Farma, 9,100 gns.; Aftab, 14,000 gns.; Ganga Singh, 5,200 gns.; Farhad, 7,000 gns.; Gay Baby, 10,500 gns.; Amilcar, 9,700 gns., and Nansen, 6,400 gns., have not earned their corn.

The Indian potentate also gave 12,500 gns. for Qurrat-al-Ain. This youngster is a good one but has yet to prove herself a smasher.

The Aga Khan and "Dick" Dawson

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code selections, by the way, are still going strong. Rambling, who won for us at "Ally Pally" at 10 to 1, rounded off another good week. The profit, on a level stake, was 12 points.

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 15, to Wednesday, August 21.

G Y D F C V 2 7 4 U J 3 H 5 9
W P O B E A K T Q X L M I R 8

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. SV3PJH5W would read RAMBLING.

"ILVER INC."

Joyous Capers

Lovely, lustrous teeth—abundant health—through Gibbs Dentifrice

Jolly games with Gibbs Dentifrice—the original foaming dentifrice—quickly guide the kiddies into healthy habits that ensure perfect teeth. How lovely is the feel of that fragrant foam in the mouth—sweeping away all decay-causing matter. Such a clean taste—such refreshment.

And the safe, sure polishing agent, calcium carbonate (chalk) brings out the natural pearly lustre. Safe cleaning, even at the danger line where teeth meet gums. The handy little case holds so much good—so neatly.

Buy your case of Gibbs Dentifrice to-day.

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

Large size - 1/-
De Luxe - 1/6
Refills - - 11d.

Popular size, 7½d.
Tubes, 6d. and 1/-
These prices do not apply in Irish Free State.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles — *defend them with Gibbs Dentifrice*

GD 18S

RHEUMATISM

Definite Relief after Six Years' Suffering.

Sirs,—For SIX years I have suffered with RHEUMATISM in my knees which was a sore trouble in my occupation, as a Railway Engine Driver, and exposed to all kinds of weather. I decided to give Urace Tablets a trial. I am now free from pain, can walk with ease, and my work is a pleasure to me. I shall recommend Urace to all I come in touch with.

J. F. SMITH, Hasland, Chesterfield.

URACE DISSOLVES AND DRIVES OUT URIC ACID

The cause of Rheumatism and kindred complaints lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters—YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes Rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD. URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities, and makes relief certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls-specs, appliances, belts, and treatments have failed.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Bottle. From Boots, Timothy Whites and Co., Taylor's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories 82, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Gout, Cramp, Influenza, Headache, Nerve Pains, Kidney Troubles, Sciatica, etc. etc.

"NONE of the stinging pain with Germolene that I had been having with the other so-called remedies . . . ." Mrs. Perry is quite right. *Anti*septic ointments, if strong enough to kill the germs, usually burn or corrode the wounded skin tissues. Germolene does not smart, because it's aseptic—that is—it *isolates* the germs. All big hospitals use aseptic methods nowadays. Mrs. Perry found Germolene cheapest in the end, the other remedies let her down—insist on having Germolene.

No Stinging Pain

Last year an ulcer broke out on my ankle. The pain at times nearly drove me mad. I tried several ointments and things, but got no better, only worse. I suffered weeks with no benefit for money spent. I then tried Germolene. None of the stinging pain with Germolene that I had been having with the other so-called remedies. I have wished many times I had tried it first. My ankle has been healed some time now. —Mrs. Alice Perry, 96, Bran Street, Walsall.

Germolene is really wonderful for *all* skin troubles. It is *aseptic*—germproof—non-smarting; it leaves no scars. Always keep a tin handy for accidents.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP.

Use it instead of ordinary soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene is the most effective treatment for—

Eczema
Infectious rashes, acne and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Ulcers
abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolene to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Bad Leg
Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad legs. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Rashes
and impetigo — every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ringworm.

Scalds
Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

Cuts
Safety first—apply Germolene. Many have had cause to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

Get your tin TO-DAY!

Be Brainy on the Briny and win

WHAT a splash you could make with £500! What a time you could have if you sailed away with JOHN BULL'S Big Crossword Prize! JOHN BULL'S Fair and Square Must Be Won Crossword Prize will keep you off the rocks and is waiting to be carried off by simple crossword skill. In addition there is £50 offered for "runners up." Turn your spare moments into money—make a dive for it now and be in the swim for the big prize.

Closing Date THURSDAY (noon), AUG. 22.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale THURSDAY AUGUST 29th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale THURSDAY, SEPT. 5th.

JOHN BULL'S £500 Must-Be-Won X-Word Prize

An extra £50 for 'Runners-up'!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 26, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), August 22nd.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 23 appears on page 29

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully:

1. Fill in puzzle in the next column **IN INK**, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 26), 21, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 22nd.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed —/8 Co. /, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, September 5th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 10th,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Clues Across.

1. Style of hair-dressing.
5. Vehicles.
8. To clothe.
9. Consume.
10. Made a loud noise.
11. An emperor.
13. Mass of paper.
14. Noisy feast.
15. A box.
16. Hooter.
17. Mark of a wound.
21. Space.
22. A cloth.
24. Wrong.
25. Terminus.
26. Expire.
27. Sullen.
28. Betrays the coward.

Clues Down.

1. Benefit.
2. Single item.
3. Drink to excess.
4. An edict.
5. Kind of timber.
6. Sidewise.
7. Unexpectedly.
11. A mark left.
12. To prevent.
15. A drink made from apple juice.
16. A beach.
18. Citizen's burden.
19. A language.
20. Baby's first lesson.
23. Writing fluid.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 24

T	E	R	R	O	R	■	F	R	I	A	R
O	■	A	E	■	I	■	O	A	T	■	U
F	U	Z	E	■	N	E	E	D	■	W	D
T	R	E	K	K	E	R	■	I	C	E	D
■	■	G	■	E	■	■	E	A	S	I	L	Y
V	E	N	D	E	R	■	M	H	■	C	■
A	■	U	■	■	A	W	E	■	T	H	Y
I	C	M	■	E	D	E	N	■	H	■	O
L	O	B	E	L	I	A	■	B	A	I	L
■	Z	■	■	P	A	N	D	I	T	■	K
T	Y	R	E	■	L	■	R	A	C	E	■
O	■	E	N	D	■	L	I	G	H	T	S

24 JB.

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 24 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS No. 26

Entry Form "A"

1	2	B	3	E	4	■	5	R	6	■	7
8	■	R	■	B	■	■	9	A	■	■	■
H	E	■	■	■	10	■	■	S	■	E	■
■	■	11	■	12	■	■	■	■	13	A	■
■	■	14	■	■	■	■	15	■	■	S	■
F	E	A	■	E	E	■	16	■	■	E	■
■	17 S	■	■	■	■	■	T	D	T	■	■
18	■	■	■	T	H	E	R	E	■	19 L	Y
A	T	■	20	■	A	■	21	■	■	■	■
■	■	22 N	■	■	K	23	■	■	■	■	■
24	V	I	■	■	25 E	■	■	■	26 D	■	E
27	U	L	■	■	■	■	■	28 U	■	■	K

26 JB. *Do not alienate these forms.*

CUT HERE

Entry Form "B"

1	2	B	3	E	4	■	5	R	6	■	7
8	■	R	■	B	■	■	9	A	■	■	■
H	E	■	■	■	10	■	■	S	■	E	■
■	■	11	■	12	■	■	■	■	13	A	■
■	■	14	■	■	■	■	15	■	■	S	■
F	E	A	■	E	E	■	16	■	■	E	■
■	17 S	■	■	■	■	■	T	D	T	■	■
18	■	■	■	T	H	E	R	E	■	19 L	Y
A	T	■	20	■	A	■	21	■	■	■	■
■	■	22 N	■	■	K	23	■	■	■	■	■
24	V	I	■	■	25 E	■	■	■	26 D	■	E
27	U	L	■	■	■	■	■	28 U	■	■	K

26 JB.

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 22nd.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Many WATERS

A FEW weeks ago Sam returned desolate from his wife's funeral. He had lost his "best and dearest pal."

He and his eldest daughter, Phyllis, aged fourteen, gazed round the disordered house, which, owing to the strain and expense of his wife's last agonising illness, following a period of semi-invalidism, was upside down.

"I will fight hard . . ."

But Sam has often gazed on troubled waters. He served in the naval forces from 1912 to 1917, and was discharged with a gunshot wound and neurasthenia.

Now, he is determined to "buck up" for the sake of his four children, the youngest of whom is a baby girl of two and a half.

And Phyllis is going to do her best to mother the lot, her dad included.

This is no light task, for dad's pension ceased in 1923, and he is now unemployed. His benefit of £1 3s. for himself and his children represents his sole means.

Arrears of rent and doctors' bills are the biggest waves threatening the destruction of this ex-Naval man's home.

"If I could get straight again," he says, "I should be most thankful and grateful. All I want is a fair chance to start afresh after our trouble, and I will fight hard for my family.

"I do not want to lose my home—the landlord is threatening me already. I have lived here since 1920, and the present arrears are through unemployment and heavy illness followed by the death of my wife. One of my children is just getting over an illness, and my condition is an awful strain upon me at present."

To lighten Sam's burden will, we know, be counted a privilege by our readers. They can help him and others in his plight by contributing to "The Greatest of These —" Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. Cripps (Plumstead), 5s.; W. D. Saunders (Lyme Regis), 1s.; Anon (Watchet), 2s. 6d.; E. Colley (Bristol), 1s. 6d.; L. S. Bulwell, 10s.; Working Man's Wife, 2s.; Mrs. E. Lodge (Mill Hill), 10s., Anon. (Manchester), 2s 6d.; Anon. 2s.; Little Friend (Padiham), 6d.; Chauffeur, 2s.; Paddy, 2s; Hatch Beauchamp (Taunton), 2s.; Sylvia (Morton), 2s. 6d.; M. S. 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; Prayers Answered, 5s.; J. N. (Landore), 10s.; A. M. (Churchdown), 1's; Mrs. F. E. McCorrie, 1s.; S. S. (Portsmouth), 1s. 6d.; Mrs Rowe (Colchester), 1s.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 1s.; Aberdonian, 1s.; Jenny de Lavaux, 2s. 6d.; Anon. Southend Nurse and Prittlewell, 3s. 3d.; Anon. (Leigh, Lancs), £5., Anon., 1s., Messrs. Bentley and Co., 5s.; L. O. Grist (Salford), 2s. 6d.; May C. R. P. Smith (Maida Hill), 2s. 6d.; May Day (Bristol), 3s.; Jammy, 5s. Anon. (St. Helens), £d.; Mrs. M. Taylor (Smallfield), £1 1s.; Mr. R. Mills (Esher), 1s. Joan, 2s. 6d.; 345, 1s.; A. W. Tyson, 5s.; E. K. 1s.; H. C. B. (Hove), £1; Anon. (Bristol), 15s. Remembrance (Pateley) 1s 9d.; Forest-Sider (Epping), 3s.; R. and G. Whitbread (Grays), 2s. 6d.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; H. W. R. (Chesborne), 10s.; Same Name, 10s.; Mr. T. S. Car (Airdrie), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Cissie Fastley (Dorset), 6d.; Emily, 2s.; P.X., 10s.; No. 11, 2s. 6d.; G. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d. Billie, 4½d.; F. James (Cardiff), 2s.; Mr. A. R. Geddes (Vancouver, B.C.), 1s.; Anon. (Dunbar), 1s.; J. H. G. T., 2s. 6d.; T. J. H. (Pentre), 1s.; Ninth No. 23, 2s. 6d.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; Niall for Luck (Darlington, 1s.; Glover (Carshalton), 3s.; L. G. Martin (Brighton), 6d.; Julie Crowhurst (Lee), 2s.; E. Davies (Ampthorth), 2s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Bobby and Jean Llewellyn, P. A. Fairbank, Anon (Florence), Mrs. Clark (Folkestone), An Invalid, Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Godfrey (pram), Mrs. L. Lanham, Mrs. Sault, Miss M. Mansell, Mrs. Payne (Stroud), J. E. (Andover), Grateful Prizewinner.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

Olive (Taunton).—"The cheese wouldn't go round the room." Remember, even an intelligent cheese requires careful training.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

P. W. (Worthing).—"There are plenty of girls bathing here, but they all look alike." And you like a look?

Mrs. V. (Dunstable).—"Women can keep a secret just as well as men." But it takes more of them to do it.

D. D. (Fulham).—"Women have got a good eye for colour." And good lips for colour, too.

R. B. (Croydon).—"Many domestic agencies are frauds." Instead of booking the cooks they are cooking the books.

R. E. (Stratford).—"My car seemed to go mad." Perhaps it had a bee in its bonnet.

A. H. (Ipswich).—"There's nothing a woman hates more than flattery." Unless it's lack of it.

H. I. (Barmouth).—"We have a centenarian who has never been near a motor-car." That explains why he is a centenarian.

D. McD. (Aberdeen).—"To prove I am broad-minded I gave my sweetheart a lip-stick." You knew you would get it all back.

FLAPPER (Liverpool).—"I'd sooner be a beauty than a genius." In other words, you prefer a hair-wave to a brain-wave.

A. L. (Hawick).—"What will dissolve (1) gold, (2) silver, and (3) copper?" (1) Marriage, (2) marriage, and (3) marriage!

C. D. (West Bromwich).—"I have just completed the composition of some jazz funeral music." O Death, here is thy sting!

S. M. (Bedford).—"Schools claim to be able to teach people to write in six weeks." That explains a lot of the new novels.

N. A. (Accrington).—"Very few statues are erected to comedians." Possibly because they are laughed at enough when they are alive.

J. S. (Gloucester).—"I saw a terrible collision recently between two motor-cars." Were they both after the same pedestrian?

A. F. (Chelsea).—"I have just completed a new picture. Ten thousand wouldn't buy it." And we're amongst them.

D. A. (Norwich).—"I am constantly afraid that I am going to lose control of my car." You really must make your payments on it regularly.

G. K. (Leicester).—"I made a sensation twenty years ago by driving my car fifteen miles an hour." You would do the same to-day.

F. L. (Dorking).—"When all is said and done, our politicians are not so bad." But when all is said and nothing done—they are.

V. D. (Brixton).—"I waited months before my telephone was installed." That's nothing—now try to get a number.

W. E. (Clapham).—"There is a lot to be said in favour of a saxophone." Well, it is the only instrument that sounds as well when you are learning it as it does afterwards.

F. B. (Tavistock).—"I was terribly nervous at first when I asked my husband for money." But recently we assume you made sure you were calm and collected.

W. K. (Clapham).—"When my shirt came back from the laundry half the buttons were missing." That's nothing. When ours came back half the shirt was missing.

P. M. (Mile End).—"The horse I backed lost, although he could go like anything." Except a racehorse.

G. S. (Camberwell).—"I treat my friends well, you can say what you like." We like Scotch.

S. E. (Willesden).—"Our daughters are being driven from home." Usually on pillion seats.

T. R. (Peckham).—"Take my tip and back this horse. He can go like one o'clock." That's no good if he runs in the 3.30.

P. W. (Pontefract).—"The enclosed photo was taken from life." If it's at all a good likeness, the same thing ought to happen to you.

H. W. (Stevenage).—"Life is very uncertain in Mexico at the present time." A case of here to-day and gun tomorrow!

TIM J. (Harrow).—"My plants are rather late in flowering this year." Well, that's their own blooming business.

Miss G. (Chelmsford).—"Women can't help being plain." But they seem to take a long time to make themselves understood.

B. H. (Yeovil).—"Methylated spirit should be treated so as to make it undrinkable." But they do this with whisky and it still sells.

R. D. (Hawick).—"Broadcasting has the effect of shortening the life of a popular song." Then broadcasting does serve some useful purpose, after all.

C. Y. D. (Balham).—"Does it cost a great deal to keep wireless accumulators in condition?" It depends on how often they are charged, and how much you are.

P. T. (Gateshead).—"I tried the new stunt of doing without a collar, and caught a bad cold the first day." Like many other reformers, who often get it in the neck.

HISTORIAN (High Wycombe).—"It isn't true that Charles the First ever offered to resign the throne." But it is true that he ended his reign when he was axed.

D. L. (Mansfield).—"How can one tell a great actor?" There's no need to. He'll tell you himself.

N. S. (Kilburn).—"An actor is never too old to learn." So that's why some of them keep on putting it off.

Mrs. B. (Acton).—"I saw the milkman kiss the maid, so in future I'll take the milk in myself." We wonder whether the milkman will take the hint.

I. D. (Oldham).—"Women are now buying their dresses on the instalment system." We seem to have seen some of them wearing the first instalment.

A. V. (Shanklin).—"One should never run fast after a heavy meal." Unless, of course, you haven't enough money to pay the bill.

I. M. (Leigh).—"My wife lost a diamond ring and can't find it anywhere." Have you looked in your trousers pocket?

R. I. (Southend).—"How can one avoid hitting one's thumb when hammering a nail?" Hold the hammer with both hands.

E. M. (Bickley).—"I write plays which are never seen by the public." What a fine example for some other dramatists to follow.

W. A. (Halling).—"My dog fetched fifty pounds last week." If it was ours, we should send it again for another fifty.

V. I. (Clapham).—"On a recent first night the curtain descended prematurely." That, of course, is a matter of opinion.

G. N. (Liverpool).—"A German firm is experimenting with an armoured diving suit." What the pedestrian is mainly interested in is an armoured walking suit.

L. Y. (Esher).—"Why can't railway companies succeed in meeting the competition of the motor coaches?" Because they can't manage to make a train pull up at a wayside inn.

R. M. (Hove).—"Bridesmaids are not really essential to a wedding." Bridegrooms are, of course, still necessary, but they need not be kept very long after the ceremony.

L. F. (Botley).—"The next war will be fought by wireless." From what we heard the other night, we were under the impression that it had started already.

M. M. (Portobello).—"I'm beginning to wonder whether every cloud has a silver lining." Well, the twenty suitcases offered in *Bullets* this week have a golden lining—that £300 package would pack up your troubles.

W. M. (Dulwich).—"The ink-wells in our local post-office are full of grit." What did you expect to find in them—ink?

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"I have made a list of the world's ten worst writers." But surely there must be more than ten of them?

SAM (New York).—"In London hotels it is difficult to get hot water at meals." Next time you visit us, you should try ordering a cup of tea.

F. U. (Uxbridge).—"It is said that dark-headed men marry first." We always thought that it was the light-headed ones.

C. H. (Stockwell).—"My wife has eloped with a man I thought was my best friend." He probably is, but he doesn't know it yet.

Mrs. T. (Westcliff).—"My son is straining his eyes through overstudy; what shall I do with him?" Send him to a university.

A. K. (Grays).—"Ants can lift weights which are tremendous as compared with their own." Wasps also can raise quite good-sized lumps.

S. E. (Lambeth).—"Is it dangerous to drive with one hand?" It certainly is. More than one fellow has run into a church doing it.

J. P. C. (Enfield).—"As I've told my wife, there are few things more certain to cause indigestion than a tough steak." It certainly wants a lot of beating.

A. W. J. (Strawberry Hill).—"Our late maid, who was theatre-mad, is now walking-on." Our own late maid contented herself with walking off.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

EVENING EXPRESS. — "All TEAMS taking part in the county DANCING display are asked to report not later than noon prompt."

POPPY'S PAPER.—"She looked particularly SPRING-LIKE in that dress which suggested AUTUMN."

EVERYMAN.—"Every separate issue . . . has been an intellectual feast to me, and I have laid each number aside after reading it with not a little reluctance."

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S OWN LIBRARY.—"On EITHER side of her hook nose was a PAIR of very sharp, keen eyes, and they had a tongue to match."

TOPICAL TIMES.—". . . locking the door, he STOLE the WINDOW and peered out."

THE SECRET OF THE GREEN LAGOON:—"He was an utterly fearless little rascal as strong as a bull, and as FEARLESS AS A RABBIT."

LEDBURY REPORTER:—"The bride was given away by Mr. FREDERICK JAMES, of Oldham, who was PAINTILY ATTIRED in a DRESS of white satin with pearl trimmings. . . ."

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS OBSERVER (Advt.):—Elgin Court Hotel requires strong, experienced, housemaids, waitress, girl FOR CLEANING KITCHEN PORTER.

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"A notice has just been issued by the Felling Council ordering that all DWELLERS in temporary habitations shall have CEMENT FOUNDATIONS and PROPER SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS THROUGHOUT."

CROMPTON AND ROYTON GUARDIAN:—"Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of MILK in THREE QUARTERS OF A PINT OF WATER."

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL:—"The peculiar-shaped hospital car was already PACING UP AND DOWN."

WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES:—"All persons PULLING TURNIPS or BATHING on LAND will be prosecuted."

HEALTHY
FOOD & DRINK
DISEASE BANISHED
WASTE ELIMINATED

The Marco Refrigerator, with its established reputation of 25 years, is the premier all British-made Refrigerator. There are sizes to suit the largest institution or the humblest household. Marco products pay for themselves by saving waste. They are in use in Government Departments and some of the largest institutions in the country.

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IT'S INDIGESTION NOT THE LIVER

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home often causes CONSTIPATION

That is not the LIVER, it is BOWEL INDIGESTION

CICFA is the SURE REMEDY

Look at the symptoms of Indigestion given below and you will realise why ten out of every dozen people who are feeling "livery" are suffering from Indigestion. If the food is not properly digested there is Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation, and Acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed into the blood and poured on into the Liver.

Though your Liver may be perfectly healthy it becomes overworked and gives you troublesome symptoms. Those symptoms are NOT due to an affected Liver, but to the acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid, affecting the joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

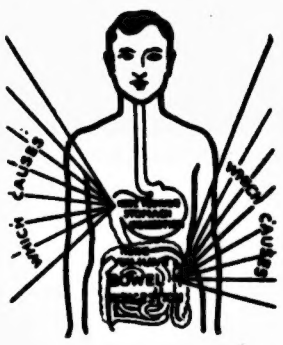
CICFA ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood and there can be no Constipation.

Thus the Liver resumes its normal work; the joints and deep muscles are freed from the effects of acids and impurities, and the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing all the tissues and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

CICFA

REMOVES the symptoms of INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH:
GASES in STOMACH with Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



IN THE BOWEL:
GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

Halifax, May 17th, 1929.

Gents,—Many thanks for the benefits obtained by using your Cicfa tablets. After a lot of trouble with my Stomach I found relief in a few days with taking Cicfa. I can recommend them to anybody suffering from Stomach trouble with the utmost faith. My advice is to start taking them at the first sign of Indigestion and save pounds. My hope is that your firm meets with the success it deserves for such a wonderful cure.
Yours very respectfully, (Signed) H.A.R.

Thousands of British Doctors have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the satisfactory results they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice.

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Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful

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Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

JOHN BULL, 17/8/29.

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3 FREE OFFERS

(1) **Fill in Coupon on page 23 for Free Sample of PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream.**

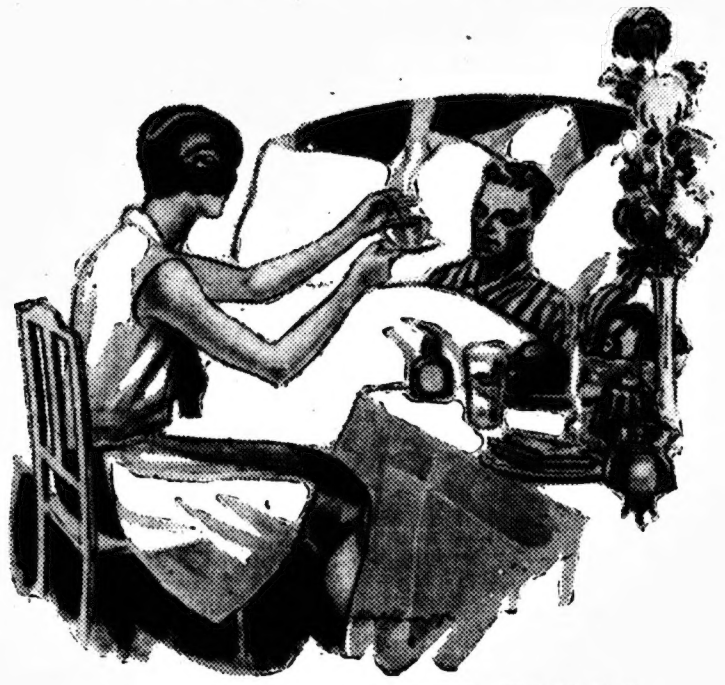
(2) Attach name and address to coupon in CICFA advt. (above) for Free Sample.

(3) Send Coupons on the Back Cover for Free Samples offered by the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.

Mention "John Bull" wh...

PALE CHEEKS

made rosy again



—thanks to "JOHN BULL"

PALE cheeks made rosy again—frail frames given much needed nourishment—little bedside banquets provided—thousands of our registered readers have been helped to convalescence through "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift. Here is a typical letter received from a reader, Mrs. N. Thomas, 14, Laurel Terrace, Skellow, Doncaster, whose husband was stricken with typhoid fever.

"Here's thanking you very much for your cheque of Five Guineas in connection with my husband's illness. The money that you have sent me has taken a great load off my mind, for I know now that I shall be able to give him plenty of good nourishment after his stay in hospital Wherever I go, your Free Insurance will have a word of praise both from me and my husband."

Could *you* too call on "John Bull" for a cheque in the hour of need? Why not follow the example of Mrs. Thomas and sign the forms below?

Sickness Benefits—£5 5s. each.

We give below the names of a few of our readers who each receive a cheque for £5 5s. this week on account of Measles, Diphtheria, Typhus Fever, Smallpox, etc.

BATTERSEA, S.W.—Mrs. A. Jackson, 5, Heaver Road, Falcon Road.
BOW, E.3.—D. Alexander, 11, Morgan Street.
BRADFORD.—G. Cresswell, 6/8, Bombay Street, West Bowling.
BURY.—Mr. John Lambert, 19, Coupe Row, Heap Bridge.
COVENTRY.—S. A. Clarke, 74, Gilbert Street.
COVENTRY.—Mrs. E. F. Hardy-King, 25, Ragian Street.
CRAMLINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND—Mr. H. Chenhall, 3, Ridley Street.
NR. DONCASTER.—H. Stubbings, 14, South End, Thorne.
EAST OAKLEY, NR. BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.—Mr. N. Thompson, Fair View.
NR. EXETER, DEVON.—Mrs. C. S. Warren, King Street, Silverton.
NR. GRANTHAM.—Mr. Geo. H. Marshall, Stoke Rochford.
HALIFAX, YORKS.—Mrs. M. Sutcliffe, 17, Weber Street, Boothtown.
HOLBORN, W.C.1.—Mr. and Mrs. R. Halliday, 85, Lamb's Conduit Street.
VIA HOLSWORTHY, CORNWALL.—Mr. Harry Teague, High Cliff View, Hill, St. Gennys.
NR. HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. E. M. Beer, Kilnhouse Bank, Holmbridge.
HULL.—Mrs. R. L. Wattam, 4, Gardiners Place, Great Thornton Street.
NR. KEIGHLEY.—Mr. Wm. Widdop, 3A, Mytholmes Terrace, Mytholmes, Haworth.
LEICESTER.—Mr. Chas. S. Sharpe, 41a, Sanvey Gate.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. Lambert 41, Viola Street, Bootle.
LYMM, CHESHIRE.—Wm. Stringer Poplar Farm, Bradley Brook.
LYMINGTON, HANTS.—Mrs. J. Wearne, 3, Cannon Street.
MANSFIELD, NOTTS.—Mrs. E. Ratcliffe, 10, Commercial Street.
NR. MANSFIELD.—Mr. J. H. Young, 25, Devonshire Drive, Lanwith.
NR. MARLBOROUGH, WILTS.—Chas. Spreadbury, Jarvis Street, Upavon.
MELTON MOWBRAY.—Mrs. A. Barnett, 23, North Street.
NEW TREDEGAR, MON.—Mr. T. H. Nash, 25, Upper Boad, Cwmsyfog.
NR. NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. R. Griffiths, 76, Bry Road.
Markham Village.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. F. Steeks, 4, Ludlow Avenue, W... Bridgford.
PORTSMOUTH, HANTS.—A. G. H. Garrett, 117, Twyford Avenue.
STONEBRIDGE PARK, N.W.10.—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Price, 4, Brett Road.
STONEBRIDGE PARK, N.W.10.—Mr. and Mrs. E. Marks, 78, Carlyle Avenue.
SWINDON, WILTS.—Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ogbourne, 177, Fernside Road.
NR. WELLINGBOROUGH, NORTHANTS.—Mr. V. Mallows, 11, Allen's Hill, Bozeat.
WORCESTER.—C. A. Reynolds Dawfields, Acton Beauchamp.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

In addition to Sickness, "John Bull" provides Benefits on account of Fire, Storm, Flood and Children's Accidents.

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J.B., 17/8/29.

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Post this Coupon to "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 17/8/29.

LAST BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES!

THIS week comes your final opportunity to enjoy a *Bullets* Holiday—the twenty big winners will soon be leaving for the seaside with new suit-cases weighted with gold. Exercise your mental strength and carry off the heaviest of all—though it contains three hundred golden sovereigns, you can lift it with very little effort.

All you are asked to do is to choose one of the *Examples* given on this page and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. Suppose, for instance, you were to choose the *Example*, WATER SHORTAGE, the added words, SO AUTHORITIES "TURNED ON," would complete a *Bullet*.

This final Holiday Offer lasts one week only, so you must bag your prize by Saturday, August 24th.

£772 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £400, "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 724.

MR. C. DAY, 71, [illegible], King's Norton, Birmingham.
Example:—MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD
Bullet:—OF HEROD, DIRTY MILK.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. D. SIMM, 68, [illegible], Lytham St. Annes.
Example:—WHEN BILL COMES IN
Bullet:—COMMONS COMMOTION ABOUT COMMA!

THIRD PRIZE OF £20:
Mr. H. NEWMAN, 2, [illegible], [illegible], Hove, Sussex.
Example:—BREAKERS AHEAD
Bullet:—"COTTON" MAKING INDUSTRY "REEL."

5 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £12 EACH:
A. CRANE, 169, Tyler Street, Brightside, Sheffield.
RIGHT AWAY, THOMAS—MAKE RECEIVERS—"DRAIN" UNEMPLOYMENT.
Mrs. L. BRYANT, Weppenbury, Nr. Leamington Spa.
THERE'S WORK TO DO, BUT—TIME TO KISS WIFE.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
J. E. JOHNSON, 5/35, Kyrwicks Lane, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
MAN WHO THINKS—THINGS OVER—OVER THINGS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).
SIDNTLEY, 15, Southern Way, Romford.
AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE—*Dinny Dreads* OF HOME.
A. WALDEN, 40, Frederica Road, Bournemouth.
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD—GERMANY'S LATEST "PIRUST" WESTWARD.

15 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £6:
[illegible] ASTLE, Harrowslack, Far Sawrey, Ambleside
[illegible] A PIGEON-HOLE—"HUMAN DOCUMENTS" SHOULDN'T BE.
BERRY, 7, Smith's Road, Gt. Lever, Bolton.
GOING AWAY?"—"NO!" EVENTUALLY, "YES, DOCTOR."
[illegible] CATHERALL, School House Farm, Grimsargh, Nr. Preston.
SHOOTING—"IMPOSSIBLE"—*Bathe Down Daily.*
[illegible] M. DAY, 119, St. Peter's Street, South Croydon.
A GOOD START—PUTTING RIGHT *Hands* FORWARD.

J. DAY, Sunny Cottage, Straiton, Cirencester.
GETTING EVEN—RETURNING THE OTHER'S "CHEEK."
H. GOODRICK, 314, Stockport Road, Cheadle Heath, Stockport.
MAN WHO THINKS—GIVEN LITTLE THOUGHT NOWADAYS.
Marine H. Howes, 32 Mess, H.M.S. *Ganges*, Harwich.
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD—PEN MADE—MEN PAID.
J. H. HULME, Gorsey Knoll, Rainow, Macclesfield.
MY COMPLAINT—WHERE CAN I "LODGE"?
Mrs. L. M. McLEES, 34, Freshfield Street, Brighton.
SOMETHING—BABY *Won't* IMITATE—YAWN.
A. MARRIOTT, 8, Merevale Close, Hinckley, Leics.
IN A PIGEON HOLE—"WHITE PAPERS" GONE BLACK.
W. PICKETT, 66, Upper Studley, Trowbridge, Wilts.
WHEN BILL COMES IN—BET MRS. SIKES HEARS!
T. A. RUTHERFORD, 363, Caledonia Road, Glasgow.
HEARD AT THE GARAGE—"MECHANIC? YOU NEED MAGICIAN!"
E. SALES, 175, Drakefell Road, Brockley, S.E.
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD—PEN—THAN TRUNCHEON, PENCIL.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).
T. VENNER, Bethersden, Nr. Ashford, Kent.
BETWEEN ELECTIONS—"SPACE" NOT "ADVERTISING" PARLIAMENT.
W. WESTRIPP, 140, London Road, Ipswich.
IN A PIGEON-HOLE—TUNNEL—"DIG IT OUT."

A list of 30 £3 and 50 12/6 winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 250 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

Advance Details for "Bullets" No. 728.

Two First Prizes of £250 each—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—Ten Prizes of £5—Ten Prizes of £2 10s.—50 Prizes of 10/—500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes. Examples below:—

To America—Getting The Upper Hand—Heir To The Throne—Showing A Stiff Front—Playing Soldiers—Helping—In The Dark Ages—Clearing The Decks—A Gate-crasher—Ocean Greyhound—Man On The Road—Another Surprise—Father's Life—Bill Sikes—Round The Camp Fire—Was It Murder Or—Lying Low—Office Crank—Joining The League—Thing Of The Past—A Bad Sign—She Refused Him So—Counting His Blessings—Almost Uncanny—Before—Now Sonny's A Scout—Cutting Wages—Bald-headed—"Never Again!"—I Don't Mind Work, But—Thoughtlessness—Who Pays?

(Closing Saturday, August 31.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.
3. Competitors must write their names and addresses on the back of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly entered on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be accumulated.
4. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received will receive careful consideration by a competent staff of selected judges.
5. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects. The acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.
6. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 727.

WITHIN THE EMPIRE	FILED	TO SUCCEED
BOND OF SYMPATHY	IN EXILE	IN THE NICK OF TIME
WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION	WATER SHORTAGE	YOUTH AND BEAUTY
DREAM GIRL	JUST WHAT I WANTED	BY THE SCORE
ROBBED	UPS AND DOWNS	HARVEST TIME
AT TOP SPEED	NOW THEN, MR. PROFITEER	INJURED
THE SOVIET	A KNOCK-OUT BLOW	MONEY'S SCARCE, BUT
ADMIRING THE VIEW	POETIC JUSTICE	HE TELLS HER
LOOK OF LIFE	PRAISE INDEED	A SLIGHT
JUDGING BY HER FACE	NATIONALISATION	"IT CAN'T BE DONE!"
NOT ON HOLIDAY	HEART-TO-HEART TALK	

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(727) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(727) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(727) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(727) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If You wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 727, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 727 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 723 will be shown in the window of Mr. G. Murdoch, 53, Glasgow Street, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, N.B.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

MR. JACK BUCHANAN, the great actor producer, writes: "I find 'Shavex' absolutely perfect for shaving. It is most refreshing and so easy, and it gives me the best shave I have ever had."

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour and find it wonderful. I get a fine close comfortable shave and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after-lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver.

SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh.

After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

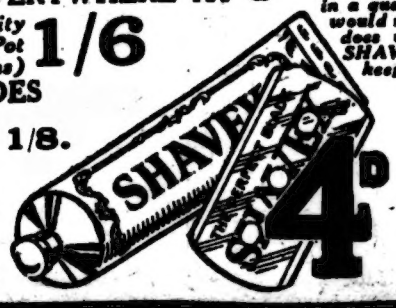
SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT

Large Tube **1/-** *Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months)* **1/6**

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores.
PACKET OF 5 BLADES 1/8.

One Blade 4d.

A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND A SHAVEX SUPER BLADE FOR—



WIFE: "Come on, George! I have been ready waiting the last half-hour, and Albert has been ready for more than 20 minutes. I cannot understand why it takes such a long time every morning for you to shave!"

ALBERT: "If he would only use SHAVEX he would be ready at the same time as I am. He would shave in a quarter of the time and his face would not look scraped as it always does with using soap and brush. SHAVEX is a Skin Food, and it keeps the face soft and firm."

GEORGE: "You are perfectly right, Albert! I must give up these old-fashioned ideas of using soap and brush. I shall start using SHAVEX like everybody else does. I suppose it is only habit that has made me keep on with soap and brush."

ALBERT: "Come on, old fellow! Finish your shave with SHAVEX and you will feel as fresh as a daisy, and you will never go back to soap and brush."

WIFE: "Thank heaven he sees reason at last."

Send this COUPON To-day!

for FREE SAMPLE of SHAVEX and TRIAL SHAVEX BLADE POST FREE.

Cut this Coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 4d. stamp to cover packing and postage to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful & Talented Women's Evidence that it

NEVER before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—

These are the wholesale prices of some of the materials used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare these prices to Almond Oil, which is 3/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

OLIVE OIL costs 7d. per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes.

ALMOND Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day which are only ordinary soaps

Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. A guinea could not buy a more perfect soap. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Soap and I will always use it and recommend it to all my friends."—PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

"Your Zee-Kol Soap is excellent for the skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful soap."—FAY COMPTON.

"A wonderful soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."—LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is most suitable for the skin, and has a refreshing and stimulating effect. It is a Perfect Soap."—MADGE TITHERADGE.

"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."—PHYLLIS DARE.

"A wonderful and exciting soap for the skin. My skin is very sensitive so I am happy to find such a perfect soap."—ETHEL IRVING.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Healed in a Night

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

SORE FEET, ABRASIONS, ETC.
One will never suffer with Sore Feet if Zee-Kol is applied at nights and socks worn while sleeping.

ECZEMA.
"Zee-Kol cured my Erysipelas."

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Arabia Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.10) 40, Blenheim Road, London, N. At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

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